

THE
R I V A L S,
A
C O M E D Y.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

COMEDY

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THE
R I V A L S,
A
C O M E D Y.

As it is ACTED at the
Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.



L O N D O N:
Printed for JOHN WILKIE, No. 71, St. Paul's Church-Yard.
MDCCLXXV.

REV. A. J. S.

C. O. M. E. D. Y.

As it is written in the

Thirteen Years in Central America.

LONDON:

THE NEW YORK, N. Y. & CO. PUBLISHERS.

P R E F A C E.

A Preface to a Play seems generally to be considered as a kind of Closet-prologue, in which—if his Piece has been successful—the Author solicits that indulgence from the Reader which he had before experienced from the Audience: But as the scope and immediate object of a Play is to please a mixed assembly in *Representation* (whose judgment in the Theatre at least is decisive) its degree of reputation is usually as determined as public, before it can be prepared for the cooler tribunal of the Study. Thus any farther solicitude on the part of the Writer becomes unnecessary at least, if not an intrusion: and if the Piece has been condemned in the Performance, I fear an Address to the Closet, like an Appeal to Posterity, is constantly regarded as the procrastination of a suit, from a consciousness of the weakness of the cause. From these considerations, the following Comedy would certainly have been submitted to the Reader, without any further introduction than what it had in the Representation, but that its success has probably been founded on a circumstance which the Author is informed has not before attended a theatrical trial, and
which

which consequently ought not to pass unnoticed.

I need scarcely add, that the circumstance alluded to, was the withdrawing of the Piece, to remove those imperfections in the first Representation which were too obvious to escape reprehension, and too numerous to admit of a hasty correction. There are few writers, I believe, who, even in the fullest consciousness of error, do not wish to palliate the faults which they acknowledge; and, however trifling the performance, to second their confession of its deficiencies, by whatever plea seems least disgraceful to their ability. In the present instance, it cannot be said to amount either to candour or modesty in me, to acknowledge an extreme inexperience and want of judgment on matters, in which, without guidance from practice, or spur from success, a young man should scarcely boast of being an adept. If it be said, that under such disadvantages no one should attempt to write a play—I must beg leave to dissent from the position, while the first point of experience that I have gained on the subject is, a knowledge of the candour and judgment with which an impartial Public distinguishes between the errors of inexperience and incapacity, and the indulgence which it shews even to a disposition to remedy the defects of either.

It were unnecessary to enter into any farther extenuation of what was thought exceptionable in this Play, but that it has been
said,

said, that the Managers should have prevented some of the defects before its appearance to the Public—and in particular the uncommon length of the piece as represented the first night.—It were an ill return for the most liberal and gentlemanly conduct on their side, to suffer any censure to rest where none was deserved. Hurry in writing has long been exploded as an excuse for an Author;—however, in the dramatic line, it may happen, that both an Author and a Manager may wish to fill a chasm in the entertainment of the Public with a hastiness not altogether culpable. The season was advanced when I first put the play into Mr. Harris's hands:—it was at that time at least double the length of any acting comedy.—I profited by his judgment and experience in the curtailing of it—till, I believe, his feeling for the vanity of a young Author got the better of his desire for correctness, and he left many excrescences remaining, because he had assisted in pruning so many more. Hence, though I was not uninformed that the Acts were still too long, I flatter'd myself that, after the first trial, I might with safer judgment proceed to remove what should appear to have been most dissatisfactory.—Many other errors there were, which might in part have arisen from my being by no means conversant with plays in general, either in reading or at the theatre.—Yet I own that, in one respect, I did not regret my ignorance: for as my first wish in attempting a Play, was to avoid every appearance

pearance of plagiary, I thought I should stand a better chance of effecting this from being in a walk which I had not frequented, and where consequently the progress of invention was less likely to be interrupted by starts of recollection: for on subjects on which the mind has been much informed, invention is slow of exerting itself.—Faded ideas float in the fancy like half-forgotten dreams; and the imagination in its fullest enjoyments becomes suspicious of its offspring, and doubts whether it has created or adopted.

With regard to some particular passages which on the First Night's Representation seemed generally disliked, I confess, that if I felt any emotion of surprise at the disapprobation, it was not that they were disapproved of, but that I had not before perceived that they deserved it. As some part of the attack on the Piece was begun too early to pass for the sentence of *Judgment*, which is ever tardy in condemning, it has been suggested to me, that much of the disapprobation must have arisen from virulence of Malice, rather than severity of Criticism: But as I was more apprehensive of there being just grounds to excite the latter, than conscious of having deserved the former, I continue not to believe that probable, which I am sure must have been unprovoked. However, if it was so, and I could even mark the quarter from whence it came, it would be ungenerous to retort; for no passion suffers more than malice

malice from disappointment. For my own part, I see no reason why the Author of a Play should not regard a First Night's Audience, as a candid and judicious friend attending, in behalf of the Public, at his last Rehearsal. If he can dispense with flattery, he is sure at least of sincerity, and even though the annotation be rude, he may rely upon the justness of the comment. Considered in this light, that Audience, whose *fiat* is essential to the Poet's claim, whether his object be Fame or Profit, has surely a right to expect some deference to its opinion, from principles of Politeness at least, if not from Gratitude.

As for the little puny Critics, who scatter their peevish strictures in private circles, and scribble at every Author who has the eminence of being unconnected with them, as they are usually spleen-swoln from a vain idea of increasing their consequence, there will always be found a petulance and illiberality in their remarks, which should place them as far beneath the notice of a Gentleman, as their original dulness had sunk them from the level of the most unsuccessful Author.

It is not without pleasure that I catch at an opportunity of justifying myself from the charge of intending any national reflection in the character of Sir *Lucius O'Trigger*. If any Gentlemen opposed the Piece from that idea, I thank them sincerely for their opposition; and if the condemnation of this Comedy (however misconceived the provocation,) could

a

have

have added one spark to the decaying flame of national attachment to the country supposed to be reflected on, I should have been happy in its fate; and might with truth have boasted, that it had done more real service in its failure, than the successful morality of a thousand stage-novels will ever effect.

It is usual, I believe, to thank the Performers in a new Play, for the exertion of their several abilities. But where (as in this instance) their merit has been so striking and uncontroverted, as to call for the warmest and truest applause from a number of judicious Audiences, the Poet's after-praise comes like the feeble acclamation of a child to close the shouts of a multitude. The conduct, however, of the Principals in a Theatre cannot be so apparent to the Public.—I think it therefore but justice to declare, that from this Theatre (the only one I can speak of from experience,) those Writers who wish to try the Dramatic Line, will meet with that candour and liberal attention, which are generally allowed to be better calculated to lead genius into excellence, than either the precepts of judgment, or the guidance of experience.

THE AUTHOR.

P R O-

P R O L O G U E.

BY THE AUTHOR.

Spoken by Mr. WOODWARD and
Mr. QUICK.

Enter Serjeant at Law, and Attorney.

Serj. WHAT's here!—a vile cramp hand! I cannot
see

Without my spectacles. *Att.* He means his fee.

Nay, Mr. Serjeant, good Sir, try again. [*Gives money.*]

Serj. The scrawl improves [*more*] O come, 'tis pretty
plain.

How's this! The Poet's Brief *again!* O ho!

Cast, I suppose? *Att.* O pardon me—No—No—

We found the Court, o'erlooking stricter laws,

Indulgent to the *merits* of the Cause;

By *Judges* mild, unus'd to harsh denial,

A Rule was granted for *another trial.*

Serj. Then heark'ee, *Dibble*, did you *mend* your *Pleadings*,
Errors, no few, we've *found* in our *Proceedings.*

Att. Come, courage, Sir, we did *amend* our *Plea*,
Hence your *new Brief*, and this *refreshing Fee.*

Some Sons of Phœbus—in the Courts we meet,

Serj. And fifty Sons of Phœbus in the Fleet!

Att. Nor pleads he worse, who with a decent sprig
Of Bays—adorns his legal waste of wig.

Serj. Full-bottom'd Heroes thus, on signs, unfurl
A leaf of laurel—in a grove of curl!

P R O L O G U E.

Yet tell your Client, that, in adverse days,
This Wig is warmer than a bush of Bays.

Att. Do you then, Sir, my Client's place supply,
Profuse of robe, and prodigal of tye——
Do you, with all those blushing pow'rs of face,
And wonted bashful hesitating grace,
Rise in the Court, and flourish on the Case.

} *[Exit.]*

Serj. For practice then suppose — this Brief will
shew it,——

Me, Serjeant *Woodward*,—Council for the Poet.
Us'd to the ground—I know 'tis hard to deal
With this dread *Court*, from whence there's *no appeal*;
No *Tricking* here, to blunt the edge of *Law*,
Or, damn'd in *Equity*—escape by *Flaw*:
But *Judgment* given—your *Sentence* must remain;
—No *Writ of Error* lies—to *Drury-lane*!

Yet when so kind you seem—'tis past dispute
We gain some favour, if not *Costs of Suit*.
No spleen is here! I see no hoarded fury;
—I think I never fac'd a milder Jury!
Sad else our plight!—where frowns are transportation,
A hiss the gallows,—and a groan, damnation!
But such the public candour, without fear
My Client waves all *right of challenge* here.
No Newsman from *our Session* is dismiss'd,
Nor Wit nor Critic, *we* scratch off the list;
His faults can never hurt another's ease,
His crime at worst—a *bad attempt* to please:
Thus, all respecting, he appeals to all,
And by the general voice will *stand* or *fall*.

EPILOGUE.

BY THE AUTHOR.

Spoken by Mrs. BULKLEY.

LADIES for *You*—I heard our Poet say—
He'd try to coax some *Moral* from his Play :
‘ One moral's plain—cried I—without more fuss ;
‘ Man's social happiness all rests on Us—
‘ Thro' all the Drama—whether d—n'd or not—
‘ *Love* gilds the *Scene*, and *Women* guide the *plot*.
‘ From ev'ry rank—obedience is our due—
‘ D'ye doubt ?—The world's great stage shall prove it true.’

The Cit—well skill'd to shun domestic strife—
Will sup abroad ;—but first—he'll ask his *wife* :
John Trot, his friend—for once, will do the same,
But then—he'll just *step home to tell my dame*.—

The *surly 'Squire*—at noon resolves to rule,
And half the day—zounds ! Madam is a fool !
Convinc'd at night—the vanquish'd Victor says,
Ah ! Kate ! *you women have such coaxing ways* !—

The *jolly Toper* chides each tardy blade,—
Till reeling Bacchus calls on Love for aid :
Then with each Toast, he sees fair bumpers swim,
And kisses Chloe on the sparkling Brim !

Nay, I have heard that Statesmen—great and wise—
Will *sometimes* counsel with a Lady's eyes ;
The servile suitors—watch her various face,
She smiles perferment—or she frowns disgrace,
Curtseys a pension here—there nods a place.

Nor with less awe, in scenes of humbler life,
Is view'd the *mistress*, or is heard the *wife*.

The

EPILOGUE.

The poorest Peasant of the poorest soil,
The child of Poverty, and heir to Toil—
Early from radiant Love's impartial light,
Steals one small spark, to cheer his world of night :
Dear spark!—that oft thro' winter's chilling woes,
Is all the warmth his little cottage knows !

The wand'ring *Tar*—who, not for *years*, has press'd
The widow'd Partner of his *day* of rest—
On the cold deck—far from her arms remov'd —
Still hums the ditty which his Susan lov'd :
And while around the cadence rude is blown,
The Boatswain whistles in a softer tone.

The *Soldier*, fairly proud of wounds and toil,
Pants for the *triumph* of his Nancy's smile ;
But ere the battle should he lift' her cries,
The Lover trembles—and the Hero dies !
That heart, by war and honour steel'd to fear,
Droops on a sigh, and sickens at a tear !

But Ye more cautious—ye nice judging few,
Who give to Beauty only Beauty's due,
Tho' friends to Love—Ye view with deep regret
Our conquests marr'd—our triumphs incomplete,
'Till polish'd Wit more lasting charms disclose,
And Judgment fix the darts which Beauty throws !
—In female breasts did Sense and Merit rule,
The Lover's mind would ask no other school ;
Sham'd into sense—the Scholars of our eyes,
Our Beaux from *Gallantry* would soon be wise ;
Would gladly light, their homage to improve,
The Lamp of Knowledge at the Torch of Love !

ERRATA.

Page 40. l. 21. For *regiment* read *regimentals*.
— 25. For *Anguish* read *Languish*.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir Anthony Absolute,	Mr. SHUTER.
Capt. Absolute,	Mr. WOODWARD.
Faulkland,	Mr. LEWES.
Acres,	Mr. QUICK.
Sir Lucius O'Trigger,	Mr. CLINCH.
Fag,	Mr. LEE-LEWIS.
David,	Mr. DUNSTAL.
Coachman,	Mr. FEARON.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Malaprop,	Mrs. GREEN.
Lydia Languish,	Miss BARSANTI.
Julia,	Mrs. BULKLEY.
Lucy.	Mrs. LESSINGHAM.

Maid, Boy, Servants, &c.

S C E N E, *Bath.*

TIME of ACTION, Five Hours.

T H E
R I V A L S.

A C T I.
S C E N E I.

A STREET in Bath.

Coachman crosses the stage.—Enter Fag, looking after him.

Fag. **W**HAT!—Thomas!—Sure 'tis he?—
What!—Thomas!—Thomas!

Coach. Hay!—Odd's life!—Mr. Fag!—give us your hand, my old fellow-servant.

Fag. Excuse my glove, Thomas:—I'm dev'lish glad to see you, my lad: why, my prince of charioteers, you look as hearty!—but who the deuce thought of seeing you in Bath!

Coach. Sure, Master, Madam Julia, Harry, Mrs. Kate, and the postillion be all come!

Fag. Indeed!

Coach. Aye! Master thought another fit of the gout was coming to make him a visit:—so he'd a mind to gi't the slip, and whip we were all off at an hour's warning.

Fag. Aye, aye! hasty in every thing, or it would not be Sir Anthony Absolute!

B

Coach.

Coach. But tell us, Mr. Fag, how does young Master? Odd! Sir Anthony will stare to see the Captain here!

Fag. I do not serve Capt. Absolute now.—

Coach. Why sure!

Fag. At present I am employ'd by Ensign Beverley.

Coach. I doubt, Mr. Fag, you ha'n't changed for the better.

Fag. I have not changed, Thomas.

Coach. No! why didn't you say you had left young Master?

Fag. No——Well, honest Thomas, I must puzzle you no farther:—briefly then—Capt. Absolute and Ensign Beverley are one and the same person.

Coach. The devil they are!

Fag. So it is indeed, Thomas; and the *Ensign* half of my master being on guard at present—the *Captain* has nothing to do with me.

Coach. So, so!—what, this is some freak, I warrant!—Do, tell us, Mr. Fag, the meaning o't—you know I ha' trusted you.

Fag. You'll be secret, Thomas.

Coach. As a coach-horse.

Fag. Why then the cause of all this is—LOVE,—Love, Thomas, who (as you may get read to you) has been a masquerader ever since the days of Jupiter.

Coach. Aye, aye;—I guessed there was a lady in the case:—but pray, why does your Master pass only for *Ensign*?—now if he had sham'd *General* indeed——

Fag. Ah! Thomas, there lies the mystery o'the matter.—Hark'ee, Thomas, my Master is in love with a lady of a very singular taste: a lady who likes him better as a *half-pay Ensign* than if she knew he was son and heir to Sir Anthony Absolute, a baronet with three thousand a-year!

Coach.

Coach. That is an odd taste indeed!—but has she got the stuff, Mr. Fag; is she rich, hey?

Fag. Rich!—why, I believe she owns half the stocks!—Z—ds! Thomas, she could pay the national debt as easy as I could my washerwoman!—She has a lap-dog that eats out of gold,—she feeds her parrot with small pearls,—and all her thread-papers are made of bank-notes!

Coach. Bravo!—faith!—Odd! I warrant she has a fet of thousands at least:—but does she draw kindly with the Captain?

Fag. As fond as pigeons.

Coach. May one hear her name?

Fag. Miss Lydia Languish — But there is an old tough aunt in the way;—though by the bye—she has never seen my Master—for he got acquainted with Miss while on a visit in Gloucestershire.

Coach. Well—I wish they were once harness'd together in matrimony.—But pray, Mr. Fag, what kind of a place is this Bath?—I ha' heard a deal of it—here's a mort o' merry-making—hey?

Fag. Pretty well, Thomas, pretty well—'tis a good lounge. Though at present we are, like other great assemblies, divided into parties—High-roomians and Low-roomians; however, for my part, I have resolved to stand neuter; and so I told Bob Brush at our last committee.

Coach. But what do the folks do here?

Fag. Oh! there are little amusements enough—in the morning we go to the pump-room (though neither my Master nor I drink the waters); after breakfast we saunter on the parades or play a game at billiards; at night we dance: but d—n the place, I'm tired of it: their regular hours stupify me—not a fiddle nor a card after eleven!—however Mr. Faulkland's gentleman and I keep it up a little in private parties;—I'll introduce you there, Thomas—you'll like him much.

Coach. Sure I know Mr. Du-Peigne—you know his Master is to marry Madam Julia.

Fag. I had forgot.—But Thomas you must polish a little—indeed you must:—here now—this wig!—what the devil do you do with a wig, Thomas?—none of the London whips of any degree of Ton wear wigs now.

Coach. More's the pity! more's the pity, I say.—Odd's life! when I heard how the lawyers and doctors had took to their own hair, I thought how 'twould go next:—Odd rabbit it! when the fashion had got foot on the Bar, I guess'd 'twould mount to the Box!—but 'tis all out of character, believe me, Mr. Fag: and look'ee, I'll never gi' up mine—the lawyers and doctors may do as they will.

Fag. Well, Thomas, we'll not quarrel about that.

Coach. Why, bless you, the gentlemen of they professions ben't all of a mind—for in our village now tho'ff *Jack Gauge* the *exciseman*, has ta'en to his carrots, there's little Dick the farrier swears he'll never forsake his *bob*, tho' all the college should appear with their own heads!

Fag. Indeed! well said Dick! but hold—mark! mark! Thomas.

Coach. Zooks! 'tis the Captain—Is that the lady with him?

Fag. No! no! that is Madam Lucy—my Master's mistress's maid.—They lodge at that house—but I must after him to tell him the news.

Coach. Odd! he's giving her money!—well, Mr. Fag—

Fag. Good bye, Thomas.—I have an appointment in Gydes' Porch this evening at eight; meet me there, and we'll make a little party.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Dressing-room in Mrs. Malaprop's lodgings.

Lydia sitting on a sofa with a book in her hand.—

Lucy, as just returned from a message.

Luc. Indeed, Ma'am, I transferr'd half the town in search of it:—I don't believe there's a circulating library in Bath I ha'n't been at.

Lyd. And could not you get '*The Reward of Constancy?*'

Lucy. No, indeed, Ma'am.

Lyd. Nor '*The Fatal Connection?*'

Lucy. No, indeed, Ma'am.

Lyd. Nor '*The Mistakes of the Heart?*'

Lucy. Ma'am, as ill-luck would have it, Mr. Bull said Miss Sukey Saunter had just fetch'd it away.

Lyd. Heigh-ho!—Did you inquire for '*The Delicate Distress?*'—

Lucy. —Or '*The Memoirs of Lady Woodford?*' Yes indeed, Ma'am.—I ask'd every where for it; and I might have brought it from Mr. Frederick's, but Lady Slattern Lounger, who had just sent it home, had so soiled and dog's-ear'd it, it wa'n't fit for a christian to read.

Lyd. Heigh-ho!—Yes, I always know when Lady Slattern has been before me.—She has a most observing thumb; and I believe cherishes her nails for the convenience of making marginal notes.—Well, child, what *have* you brought me?

Lucy. Oh! here Ma'am.

[Taking books from under her cloke, and from her pockets.]

This is '*The Gordian Knot,*'—and this '*Peregrine Pickle.*' Here are '*The Tears of Sensibility*' and '*Humphry Clinker.*' This is '*The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality, written by herself,*'—and here the second volume of '*The Sentimental Journey.*'

Lyd.

Lyd. Heigh-ho!—What are those books by the glass?

Lucy. The great one is only ‘*The whole Duty of Man*’—where I press a few blonds, Ma’am.

Lyd. Very well—give me the *sal volatile*.

Lucy. Is it in a blue coyer, Ma’am?

Lyd. My smelling bottle, you simpleton!

Lucy. O, the drops!—here Ma’am.

Lyd. No note, Lucy?

Lucy. No indeed, Ma’am—but I have seen a certain person——

Lyd. What, my Beverley!—well Lucy?

Lucy. O Ma’am! he looks so desponding and melancholic!

Lyd. Hold Lucy!—here’s some one coming—quick, see who it is.—— [Exit Lucy.]

Surely I heard my cousin Julia’s voice!

[Re-enter Lucy.]

Lucy. Lud! Ma’am, here is Miss Melville.

Lyd. Is it possible!——

Enter Julia.

Lyd. My dearest Julia, how delighted am I!—
(Embrace) How unexpected was this happiness!

Jul. True, Lydia—and our pleasure is the greater;—but what has been the matter?—you were denied to me at first!

Lyd. Ah! Julia, I have a thousand things to tell you!—but first inform me, what has conjur’d you to Bath?—Is Sir Anthony here?

Jul. He is—we are arrived within this hour—and I suppose he will be here to wait on Mrs. Malaprop as soon as he is dress’d.

Lyd. Then before we are interrupted, let me impart to you some of my distress!—I know your gentle nature will sympathize with me, tho’ your prudence may condemn me!—My letters have inform’d you of my whole connexion with Beverley;—but I have lost him, Julia!—my aunt has discovered

cover'd our intercourse by a note she intercepted, and has confin'd me ever since!——Yet, would you believe it? she has fallen absolutely in love with a tall Irish baronet she met one night since we have been here, at Lady Macshuffle's rout.

Jul. You jest, Lydia!

Lyd. No, upon my word.—She absolutely carries on a kind of correspondence with him, under a feigned name though, till she chuses to be known to him;——but it is a *Delia* or a *Celia*, I assure you.

Jul. Then, surely, she is now more indulgent to her niece.

Lyd. Quite the contrary. Since she has discovered her own frailty, she is become more suspicious of mine. Then I must inform you of another plague!—That odious Acres is to be in Bath to-day; so that I protest I shall be teased out of all spirits!

Jul. Come, come, Lydia, hope the best.—Sir Anthony shall use his interest with Mrs. Malaprop.

Lyd. But you have not heard the worst. Unfortunately I had quarrell'd with my poor Beverley, just before my aunt made the discovery, and I have not seen him since, to make it up.

Jul. What was his offence?

Lyd. Nothing at all!—But, I don't know how it was, as often as we had been together, we ha' never had a quarrel!—And, somehow I was afraid he would never give me an opportunity.—So, last Thursday, I wrote a letter to myself, to inform myself that Beverley was at that time paying his addresses to another woman.—I sign'd it *your Friend unknown*, shew'd it to Beverley, charg'd him with his falsehood, put myself in a violent passion, and vow'd I'd never see him more.

Jul. And you let him depart so, and have not seen him since?

Lyd.

Lyd. 'Twas the next day my aunt found the matter out. I intended only to have teased him three days and a half, and now I've lost him for ever.

Jul. If he is as deserving and sincere as you have represented him to me, he will never give you up so. Yet consider, Lydia, you tell me he is but an ensign, and you have thirty thousand pounds!

Lyd. But you know I lose most of my fortune, if I marry without my aunt's consent, till of age; and that is what I have determin'd to do, ever since I knew the penalty.—Nor could I love the man, who would wish to wait a day for the alternative.

Jul. Nay, this is caprice!

Lyd. What, does Julia tax me with caprice?—I thought her lover Faulkland had enured her to it.

Jul. I do not love even *his* faults.

Lyd. But a-propos—you have sent to him, I suppose?

Jul. Not yet, upon my word—nor has he the least idea of my being in Bath.—Sir Anthony's resolution was so sudden, I could not inform him of it.

Lyd. Well, Julia, you are your own mistress, (though under the protection of Sir Anthony) yet have you, for this long year, been the slave to the caprice, the whim, the jealousy of this ungrateful Faulkland, who will ever delay assuming the right of a husband, while you suffer him to be equally imperious as a lover.

Jul. Nay, you are wrong entirely.—We were contracted before my father's death.—*That*, and some consequent embarrassments, have delay'd what I know to be my Faulkland's most ardent wish.—He is too generous to trifle on such a point.—And for his character, you wrong him there too.—

No,

No, Lydia, he is too proud, too noble to be jealous; if he is captious, 'tis without dissembling; if fretful, without rudeness.—Unus'd to the foppery of love, he is negligent of the little duties expected from a lover—but being unhackney'd in the passion, his love is ardent and sincere; and as it engrosses his whole soul, he expects every thought and emotion of his mistress to move in unison with his.—Yet, though his pride calls for this full return—his humility makes him undervalue those qualities in him, which should entitle him to it; and not feeling why he should be lov'd to the degree he wishes, he still suspects that he is not lov'd enough:—This temper, I must own, has cost me many unhappy hours; but I have learn'd to think myself his debtor, for those imperfections which arise from the ardour of his love.

Lyd. Well, I cannot blame you for defending him.—But tell me candidly, Julia, had he never sav'd your life, do you think you should have been attach'd to him as you are?—Believe me, the rude blast that overfet your boat was a prosperous gale of love to him.

Jul. Gratitude may have strengthened my attachment to Mr. Faulkland, but I lov'd him before he had preserv'd me; yet surely that alone were an obligation sufficient.

Lyd. Obligation!—Why a water-spaniel would have done as much.—Well, I should never think of giving my heart to a man because he could swim!

Jul. Come, Lydia, you are too inconsiderate.

Lyd. Nay, I do but jest. —What's here?

Enter Lucy in a hurry.

Lucy. O Ma'am, here is Sir Anthony Absolute just come home with your aunt.

C

Lyd.

Lyd. They'll not come here.—Lucy do you watch. [Exit Lucy.]

Jul. Yet I must go.—Sir Anthony does not know I am here, and if we meet, he'll detain me, to shew me the town.—I'll take another opportunity of paying my respects to Mrs. Malaprop, when she shall treat me, as long as she chooses, with her select words so ingeniously *misapplied*, without being *mispronounced*.

Re-enter Lucy.

Lucy. O Lud! Ma'am, they are both coming up stairs.

Lyd. Well, I'll not detain you Coz.—Adieu, my dear Julia, I'm sure you are in haste to send to Faulkland.—There—through my room you'll find another stair-case.

Jul. Adieu.—(*Embrace.*) [Exit Julia.]

Lyd. Here, my dear Lucy, hide these books.—Quick, quick.—Fling *Peregrine Pickle* under the toilet—throw *Roderick Random* into the closet—put *the Innocent Adultery* into *The Whole Duty of Man*—thrust *Lord Aimworth* under the sofa—cram *Ovid* behind the bolster—there—put *the Man of Feeling* into your pocket—so, so, now lay *Mrs. Chapone* in sight, and leave *Fordyce's Sermons* open on the table.

Lucy. O burn it, Ma'am, the hair-dresser has torn away as far as *Proper Pride*.

Lyd. Never mind—open at *Sobriety*.—Fling me *Lord Chesterfield's Letters*.—Now for 'em.

Enter Mrs. Malaprop and Sir Anthony Absolute.

Mrs. Mal. There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate Simpleton, who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling!

Lyd. Madam, I thought you once——

Mrs.

Mrs. Mal. You thought, Miss!—I don't know any business you have to think at all—thought does not become a young woman; the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

Lyd. Ah! Madam! our memories are independent of our wills.—It is not so easy to forget.

Mrs. Mal. But I say it is, Miss; there is nothing on earth so easy as to *forget*, if a person chooses to set about it.—I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed—and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

Sir Anth. Why sure she won't pretend to remember what she's order'd not!—aye, this comes of her reading!

Lyd. What crime, Madam, have I committed to be treated thus?

Mrs. Mal. Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it.—But tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid?—Will you take a husband of your friends choosing?

Lyd. Madam, I must tell you plainly, that had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs. Mal. What business have you, Miss, with *preference* and *aversion*? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know, that as both always wear off, 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little *aversion*. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a black-a-moor—and yet, Miss, you are sensible what a wife I made!—and when it pleas'd Heav'n to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed!—But suppose we were going to give you

another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

Lyd. Could I belie my thoughts so far, as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs. Mal. Take yourself to your room.—You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humours.

Lyd. Willingly, Ma'am—I cannot change for the worse. [Exit Lydia.

Mrs. Mal. There's a little intricate hussy for you!

Sir Anth. It is not to be wonder'd at, Ma'am—all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read.—Had I a thousand daughters, by Heavens! I'd as soon have them taught the black-art as their alphabet!

Mrs. Mal. Nay, nay, Sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthropy.

Sir Anth. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library!—She had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes, with marbled covers!—From that moment I guess'd how full of duty I should see her mistress!

Mrs. Mal. Those are vile places, indeed!

Sir Anth. Madam, a circulating library in a town is, as an ever-green tree, of diabolical knowledge!—It blossoms through the year!—And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs. Mal. Well, but Sir Anthony, your wife, Lady Absolute, was fond of books.

Sir Anth. Aye—and injury sufficient they were to her, Madam.—But were I to chuse another help-mate, the extent of her erudition should consist in her knowing her simple letters, without their mischievous

mischievous combinations;—and the summit of her science be—her ability to count as far as twenty.—The first, Mrs. Malaprop, would enable her to work *A. A.* upon my linen;—and the latter would be quite sufficient to prevent her giving me a shirt, No. 1. and a stock, No. 2.

Mrs. Mal. Fie, fie, Sir Anthony, you surely speak laconically!

Sir Anth. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation, now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. Mal. Observe me, Sir Anthony.—I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance—I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or Algebra, or Simony, or Fluxions, or Paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments;—But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice.—Then, Sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts;—and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries;—but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not mis-spell, and mis-pronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying.—This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know;—and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Sir Anth. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess, that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is
on

on my side of the question.—But, Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in debate,—you say, you have no objection to my proposal.

Mrs. Mal. None, I assure you.—I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres, and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir Anth. Well, Madam, I will write for the boy directly.—He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs. Mal. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

Sir Anth. Objection!—let him object if he dare!—No, no, Mrs. Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly.—My process was always very simple—in their younger days, 'twas 'Jack, do this;—if he demur'd—I knock'd him down—and if he grumbled at that—I always sent him out of the room.

Mrs. Mal. Aye, and the properest way, o' my conscience!—nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity.—Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations;—and I hope you will represent *her* to the Captain as an object not altogether illegible.

Sir Anth. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently.—Well, I must leave you—and let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl;—take my advice—keep a tight hand—if she rejects this proposal—clap her under lock and key:—and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about!

[*Exit Sir Anth.*

Mrs. Mal. Well, at any rate I shall be glad to get her from under my intuition.—She has somehow

how discovered my partiality for Sir Lucius O'Trigger—sure, Lucy can't have betray'd me!—No, the girl is such a simpleton, I should have made her confess it.—Lucy!—Lucy!—(*calls*) Had she been one of your artificial ones, I should never have trusted her.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Did you call, Ma'am?

Mrs. Mal. Yes, girl.—Did you see Sir Lucius while you was out?

Lucy. No, indeed, Ma'am, not a glimpse of him.

Mrs. Mal. You are sure, Lucy, that you never mention'd——

Lucy. O Gemini! I'd sooner cut my tongue out.

Mrs. Mal. Well, don't let your simplicity be impos'd on.

Lucy. No, Ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. So, come to me presently, and I'll give you another letter to Sir Lucius;—but mind Lucy—if ever you betray what you are entrusted with—(unless it be other people's secrets to me) you forfeit my malevolence for ever:—and your being a simpleton shall be no excuse for your locality.

[*Exit Mrs. Malaprop.*

Lucy. Ha! ha! ha!—So, my dear *simplicity*, let me give you a little respite—(*altering her manner*)—let girls in my station be as fond as they please of appearing expert, and knowing in their trusts;—commend me to a mask of *fillinefs*, and a pair of sharp eyes for my own interest under it!—Let me see to what account I have turn'd my *simplicity* lately—

(*looks at a paper*)

For *abetting Miss Lydia Languish* in a design of running away with an Ensign!—in money—*sundry times*—*twelve pound twelve*—*gowns, five*—*bats, ruffles, caps,*

&c. &c.—*numberless!*—*From the said Ensign, within this last month, six guineas and a half.*—About a quarter's pay!—Item, from Mrs. Malaprop, for betraying the young people to her—when I found matters were likely to be discovered—*two guineas, and a black paduasoy.*—Item, from Mr. Acres, for carrying divers letters—which I never deliver'd—*two guineas, and a pair of buckles.*—Item, from Sir Lucius O'Trigger—*three crowns—two gold pocket-pieces—and a silver snuff-box!*—Well done, *simplicity!*—yet I was forced to make my Hibernian believe, that he was corresponding, not with the *Aunt*, but with the *Niece*: for, though not over rich, I found he had too much pride and delicacy to sacrifice the feelings of a gentleman to the necessities of his fortune.

[*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.



A C T II.

SCENE I.

Captain Absolute's Lodgings.

Captain Absolute and Fag.

Fag. **S**IR, while I was there, Sir Anthony came in: I told him, you had sent me to inquire after his health, and to know if he was at leisure to see you.

Abf. And what did he say, on hearing I was at Bath?

Fag. Sir, in my life I never saw an elderly gentleman more astonished! He started back two or three paces, rapt out a dozen interjectoral oaths, and asked, what the devil had brought you here!

Abf. Well, Sir, and what did you say?

Fag. O, I lied, Sir—I forgot the precise lie, but you may depend on't; he got no truth from me. Yet, with submission, for fear of blunders in future, I should be glad to fix what *has* brought us to Bath: in order that we may lie a little consistently.—Sir Anthony's servants were curious, Sir, very curious indeed.

Abf. You have said nothing to them——?

Fag. O, not a word, Sir—not a word.—Mr. Thomas, indeed, the coachman (whom I take to be the discreetest of whips)—

Abf. S'death!—you rascal! you have not trusted him!

D

Fag.

Fag. O, no, Sir—no—no—not a syllable, upon my veracity!—He was, indeed, a little inquisitive; but I was fly, Sir—devilish fly!—My Master (said I) honest Thomas (you know, Sir, one says *honest* to one's inferiors) is come to Bath to *recruit*—Yes, Sir—I said, *to recruit*—and whether for men, money, or constitution, you know, Sir, is nothing to him, nor any one else.

Abs. Well—*recruit* will do—let it be so—

Fag. O, Sir, *recruit* will do surprisingly—indeed, to give the thing an air, I told Thomas, that your Honour had already enlisted, five disbanded chairmen, seven minority waiters, and thirteen billiard markers.

Abs. You blockhead, never say more than is necessary.

Fag. I beg pardon, Sir—I beg pardon—But with submission, a lie is nothing unless one supports it.—Sir, whenever I draw on my invention for a good current lie, I always forge *indorsements*, as well as the bill.

Abs. Well, take care you don't hurt your credit, by offering too much security.—Is Mr. Faulkland returned?

Fag. He is above, Sir, changing his dress.

Abs. Can you tell whether he has been informed of Sir Anthony's and Miss Melville's arrival?

Fag. I fancy not, Sir; he has seen no one since he came in, but his gentleman, who was with him at Bristol.—I think, Sir, I hear Mr. Faulkland coming down—

Abs. Go, tell him, I am here.

Fag. Yes, Sir—(going) I beg pardon, Sir, but should Sir Anthony call, you will do me the favour to remember, that we are *recruiting*, if you please.

Abs. Well, well,

Fag.

Fag. And in tenderness to my character, if your Honour could bring in the chairman and waiters, I shall esteem it as an obligation ;—for though I never scruple a lie to serve my Master, yet it *hurts* one's conscience, to be found out. [Exit.

Abf. Now for my whimsical friend—if he does not know that his mistress is here, I'll tease him a little before I tell him——

Enter Faulkland.

Faulkland, you're welcome to Bath again; you are punctual in your return.

Faulk. Yes; I had nothing to detain me, when I had finished the business I went on. Well, what news since I left you? How stand matters between you and Lydia?

Abf. Faith, much as they were; I have not seen her since our quarrel, however I expect to be recalled every hour.

Faulk. Why don't you persuade her to go off with you at once?

Abf. What, and lose two thirds of her fortune? You forget that my friend.—No, no, I could have brought her to that long ago.

Faulk. Nay then, you trifle too long—if you are sure of *her*, propose to the aunt in your own character, and write to Sir Anthony for his consent.

Abf. Softly, softly, for though I am convinced my little Lydia would elope with me as Ensign Beverley, yet am I by no means certain that she would take me with the impediment of our friend's consent, a regular humdrum wedding, and the reversion of a good fortune on my side; no, no, I must prepare her gradually for the discovery, and make myself necessary to her, before I risk it.—Well, but Faulkland, you'll dine with us to-day at the Hotel?

Faulk. Indeed I cannot: I am not in spirits to be of such a party.

Abs. By Heavens! I shall forswear your company. You are the most teasing, captious, incorrigible lover!—Do love like a man.

Faulk. I own I am unfit for company.

Abs. Am not *I* a lover; aye, and a romantic one too? Yet do I carry every where with me such a confounded farago of doubts, fears, hopes, wishes, and all the flimsy furniture of a country Miss's brain!

Faulk. Ah! Jack, your heart and soul are not, like mine, fixed immutably on one only object.—You throw for a large stake, but losing—you could stake, and throw again:—but I have set my sum of happiness on this cast, and not to succeed, were to be stript of all.

Abs. But for Heaven's sake! what grounds for apprehension can your whimsical brain conjure up at present? Has Julia miss'd writing this last post? or was her last too tender, or too cool; or too grave, or too gay; or——

Faulk. Nay, nay, Jack.

Abs. Why, her love—her honour—her prudence, you cannot doubt.

Faulk. O! upon my soul, I never have;—but what grounds for apprehension did you say? Heavens! are there not a thousand! I fear for her spirits—her health—her life.—My absence may fret her; her anxiety for my return, her fears for me, may oppress her gentle temper. And for her health—does not every hour bring me cause to be alarmed? If it rains, some shower may even then have chilled her delicate frame!—If the wind be keen, some rude blast may have affected her! The heat of noon, the dews of the evening, may endanger the life of her, for whom only I value mine. O! Jack, when delicate and feeling souls are separated, there is not a feature in the sky, not
a move,

a movement of the elements; not an aspiration of the breeze, but hints some cause for a lover's apprehension!

Abs. Aye, but we may choose whether we will take the hint or no.—Well then, Faulkland, if you were convinced that Julia was well and in spirits, you would be entirely content.

Faulk. I should be happy beyond measure—I'm anxious only for that.

Abs. Then to cure your anxiety at once—Miss Melville is in perfect health, and is at this moment in Bath.

Faulk. Nay Jack—don't trifle with me.

Abs. She is arrived here with my father within this hour.

Faulk. Can you be serious?

Abs. I thought you knew Sir Anthony better than to be surprised at a sudden whim of this kind.—Seriously then, it is as I tell you—upon my honour.

Falk. My dear friend!—Hollo, Du-Peigne! my hat—my dear Jack—*now nothing on earth can give me a moment's uneasiness.*

Enter Fag.

Fag. Sir, Mr. Acres just arrived is below.

Abs. Stay, Faulkland, this Acres lives within a mile of Sir Anthony, and he shall tell you how your mistress has been ever since you left her.—Fag, shew the gentleman up. [*Exit Fag.*]

Faulk. What, is he much acquainted in the family?

Abs. O, very intimate: I insist on your not going: besides, his character will divert you.

Faulk. Well, I should like to ask him a few questions.

Abs. He is likewise a rival of mine—that is of my *other self's*, for he does not think his friend

Capt. Absolute ever saw the lady in question;—and it is ridiculous enough to hear him complain to me of *one Beverley* a concealed sculking rival, who——

Faulk. Hush!—He's here.

Enter Acres.

Acres. Hah! my dear friend, noble captain, and honest Jack, how do'st thou? just arrived faith, as you see.—Sir, your humble servant. Warm work on the roads Jack—Odds, whips and wheels, I've travelled like a Comet, with a tail of dust all the way as long as the Mall.

Abs. Ah! Bob, you are indeed an excentric Planet, but we know your attraction hither—give me leave to introduce Mr. Faulkland to you; Mr. Faulkland, Mr. Acres.

Acres. Sir, I am most heartily glad to see you: Sir, I solicit your connections.—Hey Jack—what this is Mr. Faulkland, who——

Abs. Aye, Bob, Miss Melville's Mr. Faulkland.

Acres. Od'so! she and your father can be but just arrived before me—I suppose you have seen them.—Ah! Mr. Faulkland, you are indeed a happy man.

Faulk. I have not seen Miss Melville yet, Sir—I hope she enjoyed full health and spirits in Devonshire.

Acres. Never knew her better in my life, Sir,—never better.—Odd's Blushes and Blooms! she has been as healthy as the German Spa.

Faulk. Indeed!—I did hear that she had been a little indisposed.

Acres. False, false, Sir—only said to vex you: quite the reverse I assure you.

Faulk. There, Jack, you see she has the advantage of me; I had almost fretted myself ill.

Abs. Now are you angry with your mistress for not having been sick.

Faulk.

Faulk. No, no, you misunderstand me:—yet surely a little trifling indisposition is not an unnatural consequence of absence from those we love.—Now confess—isn't there something unkind in this violent, robust, unfeeling health?

Abs. O, it was very unkind of her to be well in your absence to be sure!

Acres. Good apartments, Jack.

Faulk. Well Sir, but you were saying that Miss Melville has been so *exceedingly* well—what then she has been merry and gay I suppose?—Always in spirits—hey?

Acres. Merry, Odds Crickets! she has been the bell and spirit of the company wherever she has been—so lively and entertaining! so full of wit and humour!

Faulk. There, Jack, there.—O, by my soul! there is an innate levity in woman, that nothing can overcome.—What! happy and I away!

Abs. Have done: how foolish this is! just now you were only apprehensive for your mistress's *spirits*.

Faulk. Why Jack, have I been the joy and spirit of the company?

Abs. No indeed, you have not.

Faulk. Have I been lively and entertaining?

Abs. O, upon my word, I acquit you.

Faulk. Have I been full of wit and humour?

Abs. No, faith, to do you justice, you have been confounded stupid indeed.

Acres. What's the matter with the gentleman?

Abs. He is only expressing his great satisfaction at hearing that Julia has been so well and happy—that's all—hey, Faulkland?

Faulk. Oh! I am rejoiced to hear it—yes, yes, she has a *happy* disposition!

Acres. That she has indeed—then she is so accomplished—so sweet a voice—so expert at her Harpsichord—

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Acres. That she has indeed—then she is so accomplished—so sweet a voice—so expert at her Harpsichord—

Harpichord—such a mistress of flat and sharp, squallante, rumblante, and quiverante!—there was this time month—Odds Minnums and Crotchets! how she did chirup at Mrs. Piano's Concert.

Faulk. There again, what say you to this? you see she has been all mirth and song—not a thought of me!

Abf. Pho! man, is not music the food of love?

Faulk. Well, well, it may be so.—Pray Mr. — what's his d—d name?—Do you remember what Songs Miss Melville sung?

Acres. Not I, indeed.

Abf. Stay now, they were some pretty, melancholy, purling stream airs, I warrant; perhaps you may recollect:—did she sing—*'When absent from my soul's delight?'*

Acres. No, that wa'n't it.

Abf. Or — *'Go, gentle Gales!'* — *'Go, gentle Gales!'* (sings.)

Acres. O no! nothing like it.—Odds flips? now I recollect one of them—*'My heart's my own, my will is free.'* (sings)

Faulk. Fool! fool that I am! to fix all my happiness on such a trifler! S'death! to make herself the pipe and ballad-monger of a circle! to sooth her light heart with catches and glees!—What can you say to this, Sir?

Abf. Why, that I should be glad to hear my mistress had been so merry, *Sir*.

Faulk. Nay, nay, nay—I am not sorry that she has been happy—no, no, I am glad of that—I would not have had her sad or sick—yet surely a sympathetic heart would have shewn itself even in the choice of a song—she might have been temperately healthy, and somehow, plaintively gay;—but she has been dancing too, I doubt not!

Acres.

Acres. What does the gentleman say about dancing?

Abs. He says the lady we speak of dances as well as she sings.

Acres. Aye truly, does she—there was at our last race-ball——

Faulk. Hell and the devil! There! there!—I told you so! I told you so! Oh! she thrives in my absence!—Dancing!—but her whole feelings have been in opposition with mine!—I have been anxious, silent, pensive, sedentary—my days have been hours of care, my nights of watchfulness.—She has been all Health! Spirit! Laugh! Song! Dance!—Oh! d—n'd, d—n'd levity!

Abs. For Heaven's sake! Faulkland, don't expose yourself so.—Suppose she has danced, what then?—does not the ceremony of society often oblige——

Faulk. Well, well, I'll contain myself—perhaps, as you say—for form sake.—What, Mr. Acres, you were praising Miss Melville's manner of dancing a *minuet*—hey?

Acres. O I dare insure her for that—but what I was going to speak of was her *country dancing*:—Odds swimings! she has such an air with her!—

Faulk. Now disappointment on her!—defend this, Absolute, why don't you defend this?—Country-dances! jiggs, and reels! am I to blame now? A Minuet I could have forgiven—I should not have minded that—I say I should not have regarded a Minuet—but *Country-dances*! Z—ds! had she made one in a *Cotillon*—I believe I could have forgiven even that—but to be monkey-led for a night!—to run the gauntlet thro' a string of amorous palming puppies!—to ~~show~~ paces like a managed filly!—O Jack, there never can be but *one* man in the world, whom a truly modest and delicate woman ought to pair with in a *Coun-*
E *try-dance*;

try-dance; and even then, the rest of the couples should be her great uncles and aunts!

Abs. Aye, to be sure!—grand-fathers and grand-mothers!

Faulk. If there be but one vicious mind in the Set, 'twill spread like a contagion—the action of their pulse beats to the lascivious movement of the jig—their quivering, warm-breath'd sighs impregnate the very air—the atmosphere becomes electrical to love, and each amorous spark darts thro' every link of the chain!—I must leave you—I own I am somewhat flurried—and that confounded looby has perceived it.

[*Going.*

Abs. Aye, aye, you are in a hurry to throw yourself at Julia's feet.

Faulk. I'm not in a humour to be trifled with—I shall see her only to upbraid her.

[*Going.*

Abs. Nay, but stay Faulkland, and thank Mr. Acres for his good news.

Faulk. D—n his news! [Exit Faulkland.

Abs. Ha! ha! ha! poor Faulkland five minutes since—'nothing on earth could give him a moment's uneasiness!'

Acres. The gentleman wa'n't angry at my praising his mistress, was he?

Abs. A little jealous, I believe, Bob.

Acres. You don't say so? Ha! ha! jealous of me—that's a good joke.

Abs. There's nothing strange in that, Bob: let me tell you, that sprightly grace and insinuating manner of your's will do some mischief among the girls here.

Abs. Ah! you joke—ha! ha! mischief—ha! ha! but you know I am not my own property, my dear Lydia, has forestalled me.—She could never abide me in the country, because I used to dress so badly—but odds frogs and tambours! I shan't

shan't take matters so here—now ancient Madam has no voice in it—I'll make my old clothes know who's master—I shall straitway cashier the hunting-frock—and render my leather breeches incapable—My hair has been in training some time.

Abs. Indeed!

Acres. Aye—and tho'ff the side-curls are a little restive, my hind-part takes to it very kindly.

Abs. O, you'll polish, I doubt not.

Acres. Absolutely I propose so—then if I can find out this Ensign Beverley, odds triggers and flints! I'll make him know the difference o't.

Abs. Spoke like a man—but pray, Bob, I observe you have got an odd kind of a new method of swearing—

Acres. Ha! ha! you've taken notice of it—'tis genteel, isn't?—I didn't invent it myself though; but a commander in our militia—a great scholar, I assure you—says that there is no meaning in the common oaths, and that nothing but their antiquity makes them respectable;—because, he says, the ancients would never stick to an oath or two, but would say By Jove! or by Bacchus! or by Mars! or by Venus! or by Pallas! according to the sentiment—so that to swear with propriety, says my little Major, the 'oath should be an echo to the sense;' and this we call the *oath referential*, or *sentimental swearing*—ha! ha! ha! 'tis genteel, isn't it?

Abs. Very genteel, and very new indeed—and I dare say will supplant all other figures of imprecation.

Acres. Aye, aye, the best terms will grow obsolete—D—ns have had their day.

Enter Fag.

Fag. Sir, there is a gentleman below, desires to see you—shall I shew him into the parlour?

Abs. Aye—you may.

Acres. Well, I must be gone——

Abf. Stay; who is it, Fag?

Fag. Your father, Sir.

Abf. You puppy, why didn't you shew him up directly? [Exit Fag.

Acres. You have business with Sir Anthony.—I expect a message from Mrs. Malaprop at my lodgings—I have sent also to my dear friend Sir Lucius O'Trigger.—Adieu, Jack, we must meet at night—Odds bottles and glasses! you shall give me a dozen bumpers to little Lydia.

Abf. That I will with all my heart.

[Exit Acres.

Abf. Now for a parental lecture—I hope he has heard nothing of the business that has brought me here.—I wish the gout had held him fast in Devonshire, with all my soul!

Enter Sir Anthony.

Abf. Sir, I am delighted to see you here; and looking so well!—your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir Anth. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack.—What, you are recruiting here, hey?

Abf. Yes, Sir, I am on duty.

Sir Anth. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, tho' I did not expect it, for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business.—Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Abf. Pardon me, Sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty; and I pray frequently that you may continue so.

Sir Anth. I hope your prayers may be heard with all my heart. Well then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time.—Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission,
and

and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Abs. Sir, you are very good.

Sir Anth. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my Boy make some figure in the world.—I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Abs. Sir, your kindness overpowers me—such generosity makes the gratitude of reason more lively than the sensations even of filial affection.

Sir Anth. I am glad you are so sensible of my attention—and you shall be master of a large estate in a few weeks.

Abs. Let my future life, Sir, speak my gratitude: I cannot express the sense I have of your munificence.—Yet, Sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

Sir Anth. O, that shall be as your wife chooses.

Abs. My wife, Sir!

Sir Anth. Aye, aye, settle that between you—settle that between you.

Abs. A wife, Sir, did you say?

Sir Anth. Aye, a wife—why; did not I mention her before?

Abs. Not a word of it, Sir.

Sir Anth. Odd so!—I mustn't forget *her* tho'.—Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage—the fortune is saddled with a wife—but I suppose that makes no difference.

Abs. Sir! Sir!—you amaze me!

Sir Anth. Why, what the d——l's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Abs. I was, Sir,—you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

Sir Anth. Why—what difference does that make? Odd's life, Sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

Abs.

Abf. If my happiness is to be the price, I must beg leave to decline the purchase.—Pray, Sir, who is the lady?

Sir Anth. What's that to you, Sir?—Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

Abf. Sure, Sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

Sir Anth. I am sure, Sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to *object* to a lady you know nothing of.

Abf. Then, Sir, I must tell you plainly, that my inclinations are fix'd on another.

Sir Anth. They are, are they? well, that's lucky—because you will have more merit in your obedience to me.

Abf. Sir, my heart is engaged to an Angel.

Sir Anth. Then pray let it send an excuse.—It is very sorry—but *business* prevents it's waiting on her.

Abf. But my vows are pledged to her.

Sir Anth. Let her foreclose, Jack; let her foreclose; they are not worth redeeming: besides, you have the Angel's vows in exchange, I suppose; so there can be no loss there.

Abf. You must excuse me, Sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Hark'ee Jack;—I have heard you for some time with patience—I have been cool,—quite cool;—but take care—you know I am compliance itself—when I am not thwarted;—no one more easily led—when I have my own way;—but don't put me in a phrenzy.

Abf. Sir, I must repeat it—in this I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Now, d—n me! if ever I call you *Jack* again while I live!

Abf. Nay, Sir, but hear me.

Sir

Sir Anth. Sir, I won't hear a word—not a word! not one word! so give me your promise by a nod—and I'll tell you what, Jack—I mean, you Dog—if you don't, by——

Abs. What, Sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness! to——

Sir Anth. Z——ds! firrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose: she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the Crescent; her one eye shall roll like the Bull's in Coxe's museum—she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew—she shall be all this, firrah!—yet I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.

Abs. This is reason and moderation indeed!

Sir Anth. None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes!

Abs. Indeed, Sir, I never was in a worse humour for mirth in my life.

Sir Anth. 'Tis false, Sir! I know you are laughing in your sleeve: I know you'll grin when I am gone, firrah!

Abs. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir Anth. None of your passion, Sir! none of your violence! if you please.—It won't do with me, I promise you.

Abs. Indeed, Sir, I never was cooler in my life.

Sir Anth. 'Tis a confounded lie!—I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog! but it won't do.

Abs. Nay, Sir, upon my word.

Sir Anth. So you will fly out! can't you be cool, like me? What the devil good can *Passion* do!—*Passion* is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing Reprobate!—There you sneer again!—don't provoke me!—but you rely upon the mildness of my temper—you do, you Dog! you play upon the weakness of my disposition! Yet take

care—the patience of a saint may be overcome at last!—but mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do every thing on earth that I choose, why—confound you! I may in time forgive you——If not, z——ds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-three-pence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest.—I'll disown you, I'll disinheret you, I'll unget you! and—d—n me, if ever I call you Jack again! *[Exit Sir Anthony.]*

Absolute, solus.

Abf. Mild, gentle, considerate father—I kiss your hands.—What a tender method of giving his opinion in these matters Sir Anthony has! I dare not trust him with the truth.—I wonder what old, wealthy Hag it is that he wants to bestow on me!—yet he married himself for love! and was in his youth a bold Intriguer, and a gay Companion!

Enter Fag.

Fag. Affuredly, Sir, our Father is wrath to a degree; he comes down stairs eight or ten steps at a time—muttering, growling, and thumping the bannisters all the way: I, and the Cook's dog, stand bowing at the door—rap! he gives me a stroke on the head with his cane; bids me carry that to my master, then kicking the poor Turnspit into the area, d—ns us all, for a puppy triumvirate!—Upon my credit, Sir, were I in your place, and found my father such very bad company, I should certainly drop his acquaintance.

Abf. Cease your impertinence, Sir, at present.—Did you come in for nothing more?—Stand out of the way!

[Pushes him aside, and Exit. Fag,

Fag, solus.

Fag. Soh ! Sir Anthony trims my Master ; He is afraid to reply to his Father—then vents his spleen on poor Fag !——When one is vexed by one person, to revenge one's self on another, who happens to come in the way—is the vilest injustice ! Ah ! it shews the worst temper—the basest——

Enter Errand-Boy.

Boy. Mr. Fag ! Mr. Fag ! your Master calls you.

Fag. Well, you little, dirty puppy, you need not baul so !——The meanest disposition ! the——

Boy. Quick, quick, Mr. Fag.

Fag. *Quick, quick,* you impudent Jackanapes ! am I to be commanded by you too ? you little, impertinent, insolent, kitchen-bred——

[Exit, kicking and beating him.]

SCENE II.

The North Parade.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. So—I shall have another Rival to add to my mistress's list—Captain Absolute.——However, I shall not enter his name till my purse has received notice in form. Poor Acres is dismissed !—Well, I have done him a last friendly office, in letting him know that Beverley was here before him.—Sir Lucius is generally more punctual, when he expects to hear from his *dear Delia*, as he calls her :—I wonder he's not here !—I have a little scruple of conscience from this deceit ; tho' I should not be paid so well, if my hero knew that *Delia* was near fifty, and her own mistress.—I could not have thought he would have been so nice, when there's a golden egg in the case, as to care whether he has it from a pullet or an old hen !

F

Enter

Enter Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

Sir Luc. Hah! my little embassadrefs—upon my conscience I have been looking for you; I have been on the South Parade this half-hour.

Lucy. (*Speaking simply*) O gemini! and I have been waiting for your worship here on the North.

Sir Luc. Faith!—may be, that was the reason we did not meet; and it is very comical too, how you could go out and I not see you—for I was only taking a nap at the Parade-Coffee-house, and I chose the *window* on purpose that I might not miss you.

Lucy. My stars! Now I'd wager a six-pence I went by while you were asleep.

Sir Luc. Sure enough it must have been so—and I never dreamt it was so late, till I waked. Well, but my little girl, have you got nothing for me?

Lucy. Yes, but I have:—I've got a letter for you in my pocket.

Sir Luc. O faith! I guessed you weren't come empty-handed—well—let me see what the dear creature says.

Lucy. There, Sir Lucius. (*Gives him a letter.*)

Sir Luc. (*Reads*) "*Sir—there is often a sudden incentive impulse in love, that has a greater induction than years of domestic combination: such was the commotion I felt at the first superfluous view of Sir Lucius O'Trigger.*" Very pretty, upon my word. "*As my motive is interested, you may be assured my love shall never be miscellaneous.*" Very well. "*Female punctuation forbids me to say more; yet let me add, that it will give me joy infallible to find Sir Lucius worthy the last criterion of my affections.—Yours, while meretricious.*"——DELIA."

Upon my conscience! Lucy, your lady is a great mistress of language.—Faith, she's quite the queen
of

of the dictionary!—for the devil a word dare refuse coming at her call—tho' one would think it was quite out of hearing.

Lucy. Aye, Sir, a lady of her experience.

Sir Luc. Experience! what, at seventeen?

Lucy. O true, Sir—but then she reads so—my stars! how she will read off-hand!

Sir Luc. Faith, she must be very deep read to write this way—tho' she is rather an arbitrary writer too—for here are a great many poor words pressed into the service of this note, that would get their *habeas corpus* from any court in Christendom.—However, when affection guides the pen, *Lucy*, he must be a brute who finds fault with the style.

Lucy. Ah! Sir Lucius, if you were to hear how she talks of you!

Sir Luc. O tell her, I'll make her the best husband in the world, and Lady O'Trigger into the bargain!—But we must get the old gentlewoman's consent—and do every thing fairly.

Lucy. Nay, Sir Lucius, I thought you wa'n't rich enough to be so nice!

Sir Luc. Upon my word, young woman, you have hit it:—I am so poor that I can't afford to do a dirty action.—If I did not want money I'd steal your mistress and her fortune with a great deal of pleasure.—However, my pretty girl, (*gives her money*) here's a little something to buy you a ribband; and meet me in the evening, and I'll give you an answer to this. So, hussy, take a kiss before-hand, to put you in mind. (*Kisses her.*)

Lucy. O lud! Sir Lucius—I never feed such a gemman! My lady won't like you if you're so impudent.

Sir Luc. Faith she will, *Lucy*—that same—pho! what's the name of it?—*Modesty*!—is a quality in a lover more praised by the women than liked; so, if your mistress asks you whether Sir Lucius ever gave you a kiss, tell her *fifty*—my dear.

Lucy. What, would you have me tell her a lie?

Sir Luc. Ah then, you baggage! I'll make it a truth presently.

Lucy. For shame now; here is some one coming.

Sir Luc. O faith, I'll quiet your conscience!

[*Sees Fag.*—*Exit, humming a Tune.*

Enter Fag.

Fag. So, so, Ma'am. I humbly beg pardon.

Lucy. O lud!—now, Mr. Fag—you flurry one so.

Fag. Come, come, Lucy, here's no one bye—so a little less simplicity, with a grain or two more sincerity, if you please.—You play false with us, Madam.—I saw you give the Baronet a letter.—My Master shall know this—and if he don't call him out—I will.

Lucy. Ha! ha! ha! you gentlemen's gentlemen are so hasty.—That letter was from Mrs. Malaprop, simpleton.—She is taken with Sir Lucius's address.

Fag. What tastes some people have!—Why I suppose I have walked by her window an hundred times.—But what says our young lady? Any message to my master?

Lucy. Sad news! Mr. Fag.—A worse Rival than Acres!—Sir Anthony Absolute has proposed his son.

Fag. What, Captain Absolute?

Lucy. Even so.—I overheard it all.

Fag. Ha! ha! ha!—very good, faith.—Good-bye, Lucy, I must away with this news.

Lucy. Well—you may laugh—but it is true, I assure you. (*Going.*)

But—Mr. Fag—tell your master not to be cast down by this.

Fag. O he'll be so disconsolate!

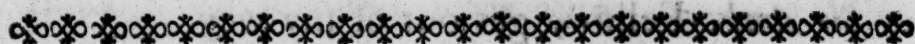
Luc. And charge him not to think of quarrelling with young Absolute.

Fag. Never fear!—never fear!

Lucy. Be sure—bid him keep up his spirits.

Fag. We will—we will. [*Exeunt severally.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.



A C T III.

S C E N E I.

The North Parade.

Enter Absolute.

TIS just as Fag told me, indeed.—Whim-
fical enough, faith! My Father wants to
force me to marry the very girl I am plotting to
run away with!—He must not know of my
connection with her yet a-while.—He has too
summary a method of proceeding in these matters
—and Lydia shall not yet lose her hopes of an
elopement.—However, I'll read my recantation
instantly.—My conversion is something sudden,
indeed—but I can assure him it is very *sincere*.—
So, so—here he comes.—He looks plaguy gruff;
[*Steps aside.*]

Enter Sir Anthony.

No—I'll die sooner than forgive him.—*Die*, did
I say? I'll live these fifty years to plague him.—
At our last meeting, his impudence had almost put
me out of temper.—An obstinate, passionate, self-
willed boy!—Who can he take after? This is
my return for getting him before all his brothers and
sisters!—for putting him, at twelve years old, into a
marching regiment, and allowing him fifty pounds
a-year, beside his pay ever since!—But I have
done with him;—he's any body's son for me.—
I never

I never will see him more,—never—never—never—never.

Abf. Now for a penitential face.

Sir Anth. Fellow, get out of my way.

Abf. Sir, you see a penitent before you.

Sir Anth. I see an impudent scoundrel before me.

Abf. A sincere penitent.—I am come, Sir, to acknowledge my error, and to submit entirely to your will.

Sir Anth. What's that?

Abf. I have been revolving, and reflecting, and considering on your past goodness, and kindness, and condescension to me.

Sir Anth. Well, Sir?

Abf. I have been likewise weighing and balancing what you were pleased to mention concerning duty, and obedience, and authority.

Sir Anth. Well, Puppy?

Abf. Why then, Sir, the result of my reflections is—a resolution to sacrifice every inclination of my own to your satisfaction.

Sir Anth. Why now, you talk sense—absolute sense—I never heard any thing more sensible in my life.—Confound you; you shall be *Jack* again.

Abf. I am happy in the appellation.

Sir Anth. Why, then, Jack, my dear Jack, I will now inform you—who the lady really is.—Nothing but your passion and violence, you silly fellow, prevented my telling you at first. Prepare, Jack, for wonder and rapture—prepare.—What think you of Miss Lydia Languish?

Abf. Languish! What, the Languishes of Worcestershire?

Sir Anth. Worcestershire! No. Did you never meet Mrs. Malaprop and her Niece, Miss Languish, who came into our country just before you were last ordered to your regiment?

Abf. Malaprop! Languish! I don't remember ever to have heard the names before. Yet, stay—I think I do recollect something.—*Languish!* *Languish!* She squints, don't she?—A little, red-haired girl?

Sir Anth. Squints?—A red-haired girl!—Z—ds, no.

Abf. Then I must have forgot; it can't be the same person.

Sir Anth. Jack! Jack! what think you of blooming, love-breathing seventeen?

Abf. As to that, Sir, I am quite indifferent.—If I can please you in the matter, 'tis all I desire.

Sir Anth. Nay, but Jack, such eyes! such eyes! so innocently wild! so bashfully irresolute! Not a glance but speaks and kindles some thought of love! Then, Jack, her cheeks! her cheeks, Jack! so deeply blushing at the insinuations of her tell-tale eyes! Then, Jack, her lips!—O Jack, lips smiling at their own discretion; and if not smiling, more sweetly pouting; more lovely in fullness!

Abf. That's she indeed.—Well done, old gentleman!

Sir Anth. Then, Jack, her neck.—O Jack! Jack!

Abf. And which is to be mine, Sir, the Niece or the Aunt?

Sir Anth. Why, you unfeeling, insensible Puppy, I despise you. When I was of your age, such a description would have made me fly like a rocket! The *Aunt*, indeed!—Odds life! when I ran away with your mother, I would not have touched any thing old or ugly to gain an empire.

Abf. Not to please your father, Sir?

Sir Anth. To please my father!—Z—ds! not to please——O my father!—Oddso!—yes—yes! if my father indeed had desired——
that's

that's quite another matter.——Tho' he wa'n't the indulgent father that I am, Jack.

Abs. I dare say not, Sir.

Sir Anth. But, Jack, you are not sorry to find your mistress is so beautiful.

Sir Anth. Sir, I repeat it; if I please you in this affair, 'tis all I desire. Not that I think a woman the worse for being handsome; but, Sir, if you please to recollect, you before hinted something about a hump or two, one eye, and a few more graces of that kind—now, without being very nice, I own I should rather chuse a wife of mine to have the usual number of limbs, and a limited quantity of back: and tho' *one* eye may be very agreeable, yet as the prejudice has always run in favour of *two*, I would not wish to affect a singularity in that article.

Sir Anth. What a phlegmatic sot it is! Why, firrah, you're an anchorite!—a vile insensible stock.—You a soldier!—you're a walking block, fit only to dust the company's regiment on!——Odds life! I've a great mind to marry the girl myself!

Abs. I am entirely at your disposal, Sir; if you should think of addressing Miss Anguish yourself, I suppose you would have me marry the *Aunt*; or if you should change you're mind, and take the old lady—'tis the same to me—I'll marry the *Niece*.

Sir Anth. Upon my word, Jack, thou'rt either a very great hypocrite, or —— but, come, I know your indifference on such a subject must be all a lie—I'm sure it must—come, now—d—n your demure face!—come, confess, Jack—you have been lying—ha'n't you? You have been lying, hey? I'll never forgive you, if you ha'n't:—so now, own, my dear Jack, you have been playing
the

the hypocrite, hey!—I'll never forgive you, if you ha'n't been lying and playing the hypocrite.

Abf. I'm sorry, Sir, that the respect and duty which I bear to you should be so mistaken.

Sir Anth. Hang your respect and duty! But, come along with me, I'll write a note to Mrs. Malaprop, and you shall visit the lady directly.

Abf. Where does she lodge, Sir?

Sir Anth. What a dull question!—only on the Grove here.

Abf. O! then I can call on her in my way to the coffee-house.

Sir Anth. In your way to the coffee-house! You'll set your heart down in your way to the coffee-house, hey? Ah! you leaden-nery'd, wooden-hearted dolt! But come along, you shall see her directly; her eyes shall be the Promethian torch to you—come along, I'll never forgive you, if you don't come back, stark mad with rapture and impatience—if you don't, egad, I'll marry the girl myself!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Julia's Dressing-room.

Faulkland, solus.

Faulk. They told me Julia would return directly; wonder she is not yet come!—How mean does this captious, unsatisfied temper of mine appear to my cooler judgment! Yet I know not that I indulge it in any other point:—but on this one subject, and to this one object, whom I think I love beyond my life, I am ever ungenerously fretful, and madly capricious!—I am conscious of it—yet I cannot correct myself! What tender, honest joy sparkled in her eyes when we met!—How delicate

G

was

was the warmth of her expressions!—I was ashamed to appear less happy—though I had come resolved to wear a face of coolness and upbraiding. Sir Anthony's presence prevented my proposed expostulations:—yet I must be satisfied that she has not been so *very* happy in my absence.—She is coming!—Yes!—I know the nimbleness of her tread, when she thinks her impatient Faulkland counts the moments of her stay.

Enter Julia.

Jul. I had not hop'd to see you again so soon.

Faulk. Could I, Julia, be contented with my first welcome—restrained as we were by the presence of a third person?

Jul. O Faulkland, when your kindness can make me thus happy, let me not think that I discovered more coolness in your first salutation than my long-hoarded joy could have presaged.

Faulk. 'Twas but your fancy, Julia.—I *was* rejoiced to see you—to see you in such health—Sure I had no cause for coldness?

Jul. Nay then, I see you have taken something ill.—You must not conceal from me what it is.

Faulk. Well then—shall I own to you—but you will despise me, Julia—nay, I despise myself for it.—Yet I *will* own, that my joy at hearing of your health and arrival here, by your neighbour Acres, was something damped, by his dwelling much on the high spirits you had enjoyed in Devonshire—on your mirth—your singing—dancing, and I know not what!—For such is my temper, Julia, that I should regard every mirthful moment in your absence as a treason to constancy:—The mutual tear that steals down the cheek of parting lovers is a compact, that no smile shall live there till they meet again.

Jul. Must I never cease to tax my Faulkland with this teasing minute caprice?—Can the idle reports of a silly boor weigh in your breast against my tried affection?

Faulk. They have no weight with me, Julia: no, no—I am happy if you have been so—yet only say, that you did not sing with *mirth*—say that you *thought* of Faulkland in the dance.

Jul. I never can be happy in your absence.—If I wear a countenance of content, it is to shew that my mind holds no doubt of my Faulkland's truth.—If I seem'd sad—it were to make malice triumph; and say, that I had fixed my heart on one, who left me to lament his roving, and my own credulity.—Believe me, Faulkland, I mean not to upbraid you, when I say, that I have often dressed sorrow in smiles, lest my friends should guess whose unkindness had caused my tears.

Faulk. You were ever all goodness to me.—O, I am a brute, when I but admit a doubt of your true constancy!

Jul. If ever, without such cause from you, as I will not suppose possible, you find my affections veering but a point, may I become a proverbial scoff for levity, and base ingratitude.

Faulk. Ah! Julia, that *last* word is grating to me. I would I had no title to your *gratitude*! Search your heart, Julia; perhaps what you have mistaken for Love, is but the warm effusion of a too thankful heart!

Jul. For what quality must I love you?

Faulk. For no quality! To regard me for any quality of mind or understanding, were only to *esteem* me. And for person—I have often wish'd myself deformed, to be convinced that I owed no obligation *there* for any part of your affection.

Jul. Where Nature has bestowed a shew of nice attention in the features of a man, he should laugh

at it, as misplaced. I have seen men, who in *this* vain article perhaps might rank above you; but my heart has never asked my eyes if it were so or not.

Faulk. Now this is not well from *you*, Julia—I despise person in a man—Yet if you lov'd me as I wish, though I were an Æthiop, you'd think none so fair.

Jul. I see you are determined to be unkind.—The *contract* which my poor father bound us in gives you more than a lover's privilege.

Faulk. Again, Julia, you raise ideas that feed and justify my doubts.—I would not have been more free—no—I am proud of my restraint.—Yet—yet—perhaps your high respect alone for this solemn compact has fettered your inclinations, which else had made worthier choice.—How shall I be sure, had you remained unbound in thought and promise, that I should still have been the object of your persevering love?

Jul. Then try me now.—Let us be free as strangers as to what is past:—*my* heart will not feel more liberty!

Faulk. There now! so hasty, Julia! so anxious to be free!—If your love for me were fixed and ardent, you would not loose your hold, even tho' I wish'd it!

Jul. O, you torture me to the heart!—I cannot bear it.

Faulk. I do not mean to distress you.—If I lov'd you less, I should never give you an uneasy moment.—But hear me.—All my fretful doubts arise from this—Women are not used to weigh, and separate the motives of their affections:—the cold dictates of prudence, gratitude, or filial duty, may sometimes be mistaken for the pleadings of the heart.—I would not boast—yet let me say, that I have neither age, person, or character, to found
dislike

dislike on ;—my fortune such as few ladies could be charged with *indiscretion* in the match.—O Julia ! when *Love* receives such countenance from *Prudence*, nice minds will be suspicious of its *birth*.

Jul. I know not whither your insinuations would tend :—as they seem pressing to insult me—I will spare you the regret of having done so.—I have given you no cause for this ! *[Exit in Tears.*

Faulk. In Tears ! stay, Julia : stay but for a moment.——The door is fastened !—Julia !—my soul—but for one moment :—I hear her sobbing !—'Sdeath ! what a brute am I to use her thus ! Yet stay.—Aye—she is coming now :—how little resolution there is in woman !—how a few soft words can turn them !——No, faith !—she is *not* coming either.——Why, Julia—my love—say but that you forgive me—come but to tell me that—now, this is being *too* resentful ;—stay ! she is coming too—I thought she would—no *steadiness* in any thing ! her going away must have been a mere trick then—she sha'n't see that I was hurt by it.—I'll affect indifference——(*humms a tune : then listens*)——No—Z—ds ! she's *not* coming !—nor don't intend it, I suppose.—This is not *steadiness*, but *obstinacy* ! Yet I deserve it.—What, after so long an absence, to quarrel with her tenderness !—'twas barbarous and unmanly !——I should be ashamed to see her now.—I'll wait till her just resentment is abated—and when I distress her so again, may I lose her for ever ! and be linked instead to some antique virago, whose knawing passions, and long-hoarded spleen, shall make me curse my folly half the day, and all the night ! *[Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

*Mrs. Malaprop's Lodgings.**Mrs. Malaprop, and Captain Absolute.*

Mrs. Mal. Your being Sir Anthony's son, Captain, would itself be a sufficient accommodation;—but from the ingenuity of your appearance, I am convinced you deserve the character here given of you.

Abs. Permit me to say, Madam, that as I never yet have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Languish, my principal inducement in this affair at present, is the honour of being allied to Mrs. Malaprop; of whose intellectual accomplishments, elegant manners, and unaffected learning, no tongue is silent.

Mrs. Mal. Sir, you do me infinite honour!—I beg, Captain, you'll be seated.—(*Sit*)—Ah! few gentlemen, now a days, know how to value the ineffectual qualities in a woman! few think how a little knowledge become a gentlewoman! Men have no sense now but for the worthless flower, beauty!

Abs. It is but too true indeed, Ma'am;—yet I fear our ladies should share the blame—they think our admiration of *beauty* so great, that *knowledge* in *them* would be superfluous. Thus, like garden-trees, they seldom shew fruits, till time has robb'd them of the more specious blossom.—Few, like Mrs. Malaprop and the Orange-tree, are rich in both at once!

Mrs. Mal. Sir—you overpower me with good-breeding.—He is the very Pine-apple of politeness! You are not ignorant, Captain, that this giddy girl has somehow contrived to fix her affections on a beggarly, strolling, eve's-dropping Ensign, whom

whom none of us have seen, and nobody knows any thing of.

Abf. O, I have heard the silly affair before.—I'm not at all prejudiced against her on *that* account.

Mrs. Mal. You are very good, and very considerate, Captain.—I am sure I have done every thing in my power since I exploded the affair! long ago I laid my positive conjunction on her never to think on the fellow again;—I have since laid Sir Anthony's preposition before her;—but I'm sorry to say she seems resolved to decline every particle that I enjoin her.

Abf. It must be very distressing indeed, Ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. It gives me the hydrostatics to such a degree!—I thought she had persisted from corresponding with him; but behold this very day, I have interceded another letter from the fellow! I believe I have it in my pocket.

Abf. O the devil! my last note. *[Aside.*

Mrs. Mal. Aye, here it is.

Abf. Aye, my note indeed! O the little traitress Lucy. *[Aside.*

Mrs. Mal. There, perhaps you may know the writing. *[Gives him the letter.*

Abf. I think I have seen the hand before—yes, I *certainly must* have seen this hand before:—

Mrs. Mal. Nay, but read it, Captain.

Abf. (*Reads*) "*My soul's idol, my ador'd Lydia!*"—Very tender indeed!

Mrs. Mal. Tender! aye, and prophane too, o' my conscience!

Abf. "*I am excessively alarmed at the intelligence you send me, the more so as my new rival*"——

Mrs. Mal. That's you, Sir.

"*has universally the character of being an accomplished gentleman, and a man of honour.*"——Well, that's handsome enough.

Mrs. Mal. O, the fellow had some design in writing so——

Abf. That he had, I'll answer for him, Ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. But go on, Sir—you'll see presently.

Abf. *As for the old weather-beaten she-dragon who guards you,*"—Who can he mean by that?

Mrs. Mal. Me, Sir—*me*—he means *me* there—what do you think now?—but go on a little further.

Abf. Impudent scoundrel!—"it shall go hard but
"I will elude her vigilance, as I am told that the same
"ridiculous vanity, which makes her dress up her
"coarse features, and deck her dull chat with hard
"words which she don't understand——"

Mrs. Mal. There, Sir! an attack upon my language! what do you think of that?—an aspersion upon my parts of speech! was ever such a brute! save if I reprehend any thing in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs!

Abf. He deserves to be hang'd and quartered! let me see—"same ridiculous vanity"——

Mrs. Mal. You need not read it again, Sir.

Abf. I beg pardon, Ma'am "*does also lay her*
"*open to the grossest deceptions from flattery and pre-*
"*tended admiration*"—an impudent coxcomb! "*so*
"*that I have a scheme to see you shortly with the old*
"*Harridan's consent, and even to make her a go be-*
"*tween in our interviews.*"——Was ever such assurance.

Mrs. Mal. Did you ever hear any thing like it?—he'll elude my vigilance, will he?—yes, yes! ha! ha! he's very likely to enter these floors!—we'll try who can plot best!

Abf. Ha! ha! ha! a conceited puppy, ha! ha! ha!——Well, but Mrs. Malaprop, as the girl seems so infatuated by this fellow, suppose you were to wink at her corresponding with him for a little

a little time—let her even plot an elopement with him—then do you connive at her escape—while I, just in the nick, will have the fellow laid by the heels, and fairly contrive to carry her off in his stead.

Mrs. Mal. I am delighted with the scheme, never was any thing better perpetrated!

Abf. But, pray, could not I see the lady for a few minutes now?—I should like to try her temper a little.

Mrs. Mal. Why, I don't know—I doubt she is not prepared for a first visit of this kind.—There is a decorum in these matters.

Abf. O Lord! she won't mind *me*—only tell her Beverley——

Mrs. Mal. Sir!——

Abf. Gently, good tongue. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Mal. What did you say of Beverley?

Abf. O, I was going to propose that you should tell her, by way of jest, that it was Beverley who was below—she'd come down fast enough then—ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Mal. 'T would be a trick she well-deserves—besides you know the fellow tells her he'll get my consent to see her—ha! ha!—Let him if he can, I say again.—Lydia, come down here! [*Calling.*
—He'll make me a *go-between* in their interviews!—ha! ha! ha! Come down, I say, Lydia!—I don't wonder at your laughing, ha! ha! ha! his impudence is truly ridiculous.

Abf. 'Tis very ridiculous, upon my soul, Ma'am, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Mal. The little huffy won't hear.—Well, I'll go and tell her at once who it is—she shall know that Capt. Absolute is come to wait on her.—And I'll make her behave as becomes a young woman.

Abf. As you please, Ma'am.

H

Mrs.

Mrs. Mal. For the present, Captain, your servant—Ah! you've not done laughing yet, I see—*elude my vigilance!* yes, yes, ha! ha! ha! [*Exit.*

Abs. Ha! ha! ha! one would think now that I might throw off all disguise at once, and seize my prize with security—but such is Lydia's caprice, that to undeceive were probably to lose her.—I'll see whether she knows me.

[*Walks aside, and seems engaged in looking at the pictures.*

Enter Lydia.

Lyd. What a scene am I now to go thro'! surely nothing can be more dreadful than to be obliged to listen to the loathsome addresses of a stranger to one's heart.—I have heard of girls persecuted as I am, who have appealed in behalf of their favoured lover to the generosity of his rival: suppose I were to try it—there stands the hated rival—an officer too!—but O how unlike my Beverley!—I wonder he don't begin—truly he seems a very negligent wooer!—quite at his ease, upon my word! I'll speak first—Mr. Absolute.

Abs. Madam.

[*Turns round.*

Lyd. O Heav'ns! Beverley!

Abs. Hush!—hush, my life!—softly! be not surprised!

Lyd. I am so astonished! and so terrified! and so overjoy'd!—for Heav'n's sake! how came you here?

Abs. Briefly—I have deceived your Aunt—I was informed that my new rival was to visit here this evening, and contriving to have him kept away, have passed myself on *her* for Capt. Absolute.

Lyd. O, charming!—And she really takes you for young Absolute?

Abs.

Abf. O, she's convinced of it.

Lyd. Ha! ha! ha! I can't forbear laughing to think how her sagacity is over-reached!

Abf. But we trifle with our precious moments—such another opportunity may not occur—then let me now conjure my kind, my condescending angel, to fix the time when I may rescue her from undeserved persecution, and with a licensed warmth plead for my reward.

Lyd. Will you then, Beverley, consent to forfeit that portion of my paltry wealth?—that burthen on the wings of love?

Abf. O come to me—rich only thus—in loveliness—Bring no portion to me but thy love—'twill be generous in you, Lydia—for well you know, it is the only dower your poor Beverley can repay.

Lyd. How persuasive are his words!—how charming will poverty be with him!

Abf. Ah! my soul, what a life will we then live? Love shall be our idol and support! we will worship him with a monastic strictness; abjuring all worldly toys, to center every thought and action there.—Proud of calamity, we will enjoy the wreck of wealth; while the surrounding gloom of adversity shall make the flame of our pure love show doubly bright.—By Heav'ns! I would fling all goods of fortune from me with a prodigal hand to enjoy the scene where I might clasp my Lydia to my bosom, and say, the world affords no smile to me—but here—— [*Embracing her.* If she holds out now the devil is in it! [*Aside.*

Lyd. Now could I fly with him to the Antipodes! but my persecution is not yet come to a crisis.

Enter Mrs. Malaprop, listening.

Mrs. Mal. I'm impatient to know how the little huzzy deports herself. [*Aside.*

Abs. So pensive, Lydia!—is then your warmth abated?

Mrs. Mal. *Warmth abated!*—so!—she has been in a passion, I suppose.

Lyd. No—nor ever can while I have life.

Mrs. Mal. An ill-temper'd little devil!—She'll be in a passion all her life—will she?

Lyd. Think not the idle threats of my ridiculous aunt can ever have any weight with me.

Mrs. Mal. Very dutiful, upon my word!

Lyd. Let her choice be *Capt. Absolute*, but *Beverley* is mine.

Mrs. Mal. I am astonished at her assurance!—*to his face—this to his face!*

Abs. Thus then let me enforce my suit.

[*Kneeling.*

Mrs. Mal. Aye—poor young man!—down on his knees entreating for pity!—I can contain no longer.—Why, huzzy! huzzy!—I have overheard you.

Abs. O confound her vigilance! [Aside.

Mrs. Mal. *Capt. Absolute*—I know not how to apologize for her shocking rudeness.

Abs. So—all's safe, I find. [Aside.

I have hopes, Madam, that time will bring the young lady——

Mrs. Mal. O, there's nothing to be hoped for from her! she's as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of Nile.

Lyd. Nay, Madam, what do you charge me with now?

Mrs. Mal. Why, thou unblushing rebel—didn't you tell this gentleman to his face that you loved another better?—didn't you say you never would be his?

Lyd. No, Madam—I did not.

Mrs. Mal. Good Heav'ns! what assurance!—
Lydia, Lydia, you ought to know that lying don't become

become a young woman!—Didn't you boast that Beverley—that stroller Beverley, possessed your heart?—Tell me that, I say.

Lyd. 'Tis true, Ma'am, and none but Beverley—

Mrs. Mal. Hold;—hold Assurance!—you shall not be so rude.

Abf. Nay, pray Mrs. Malaprop, don't stop the young lady's speech:—she's very welcome to talk thus—it does not hurt *me* in the least, I assure you.

Mrs. Mal. You are *too* good, Captain—*too* amiably patient—but come with me, Miss—let us see you again soon, Captain—remember what we have fixed.

Abf. I shall, Ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. Come, take a graceful leave of the gentleman.

Lyd. May every blessing wait on my Beverley, my lov'd Bev——

Mrs. Mal. Huzzy! I'll choak the word in your throat!—come along—come along.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

[*Beverley kissing his hand to Lydia—Mrs. Malaprop stopping her from speaking.*]

S C E N E V. Acres's lodgings.

Acres and David.

Acres as just dress'd.

Acres. Indeed, David—do you think I become it so?

Dav. You are quite another creature, believe me Master, by the Mass! an' we've any luck we shall see the Devon monkeyrny in all the print-shops in Bath!

Acres. Dress *does* make a difference, David.

Dav.

Dav. 'Tis all in all, I think—difference! why, an' you were to go now to Clod-Hall, I am certain the old lady wouldn't know you: Master Butler wouldn't believe his own eyes, and Mrs. Pickle would cry, "Lard presarve me!" our dairy-maid would come giggling to the door, and I warrant Dolly Tester, your Honour's favourite, would blush like my waistcoat.—Oons! I'll hold a gallon, there an't a dog in the house but would bark, and I question whether *Phillis* would wag a hair of her tail!

Acres. Aye, David, there's nothing like *polish-ing*.

Dav. So I says of your Honour's boots; but the boy never heeds me!

Acres. But, David, has Mr. De-la-Grace been here? I must rub up my balancing, and chafing, and boring.

Dav. I'll call again, Sir.

Acres. Do—and see if there are any letters for me at the post-office.

Dav. I will.—By the Mass, I can't help looking at your head!—if I hadn't been by at the cooking, I wish I may die if I should have known the dish again myself! [Exit.

[*Acres comes forward, practising a dancing step.*

Acres. Sink, slide—coupee—Confound the first inventors of cotillons! say I—they are as bad as algebra to us country gentlemen—I can walk a Minuet easy enough when I'm forced!—and I have been accounted a good stick in a Country-dance.—Odd's jigs and tabors!--I never valued your cross-over two couple—figure in—right and left—and I'd foot it with e'er a captain in the county!—but these outlandish heathen Allemandes and Cotillons are quite beyond me!—I shall never prosper at 'em, that's sure—mine are true-born English legs—they don't understand their curst French lingo!

—their *Pas* this, and *Pas* that, and *Pas* t'other!—
d—n me, my feet don't like to be called Paws!
no, 'tis certain I have most Antigallican Toes!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here is Sir Lucius O'Trigger to wait on
you, Sir.

Acres. Shew him in.

Enter Sir Lucius.

Sir Luc. Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace
you.

Acres. My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

Sir Luc. Pray, my friend, what has brought you
so suddenly to Bath?

Acres. Faith! I have followed Cupid's Jack-a-
Lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last.—
In short, I have been very ill-used, Sir Lucius.—
I don't choose to mention names, but look on me
as on a very ill-used gentleman.

Sir Luc. Pray, what is the case?—I ask no
names.

Acres. Mark me, Sir Lucius, I falls as deep as
need be in love with a young lady—her friends
take my part—I follow her to Bath—send word of
my arrival; and receive answer, that the lady is
to be otherwise disposed of.—This, Sir Lucius, I
call being ill-used.

Sir Luc. Very ill, upon my conscience—Pray,
can you divine the cause of it?

Acres. Why, there's the matter: she has another
lover, *one* Beverley, who, I am told, is now in Bath.
—Odds flanders and lies! he must be at the bot-
tom of it.

Sir Luc. A rival in the case, is there?—and
you think he has supplanted you unfairly.

Acres. Unfairly!—to be sure he has.—He never
could have done it fairly.

Sir

Sir Luc. Then sure you know what is to be done!

Acres. Not I, upon my soul!

Sir Luc. We wear no swords here, but you understand me.

Acres. What! fight him!

Sir Luc. Aye, to be sure: what can I mean else?

Acres. But he has given me no provocation.

Sir Luc. Now, I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world.—Can a man commit a more heinous offence against another than to fall in love with the same woman? O, by my soul, it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship!

Acres. Breach of *friendship*! Aye, aye; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life.

Sir Luc. That's no argument at all—he has the less right then to take such a liberty.

Acres. 'Gad that's true—I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius!—I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valour in him, and not know it! But couldn't I contrive to have a little right of my side?

Sir Luc. What the d——l signifies *right*, when your *honour* is concerned? Do you think *Achilles*, or my little *Alexander the Great* ever inquired where the right lay? No, by my soul, they drew their broad-swords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

Acres. Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart! I believe courage must be catching!—I certainly do feel a kind of valour rising as it were——a kind of courage, as I may say——Odds flints, pans, and triggers! I'll challenge him directly.

Sir Luc. Ah, my little friend! if we had *Blunderbuss-Hall* here—I could shew you a range of ancestry,

cestry, in the O'Trigger line, that would furnish the new room; every one of whom had killed his man!—For though the mansion-house and dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, I thank God our honour, and the family-pictures, are as fresh as ever.

Acres. O Sir Lucius! I have had ancestors too! every man of 'em colonel or captain in the militia?—Odds balls and barrels! say no more—I'm brac'd for it—my nerves are become catgut! my sinews wire! and my heart Pinchbeck! The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast!—Z—ds! as the man in the play says, "I could do such deeds!"

Sir Luc. Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case—these things should always be done civilly.

Acres. I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius—I must be in a rage—Dear Sir Lucius let me be in a rage, if you love me.—Come, here's pen and paper.

(Sits down to write)

I would the ink were red!—Indite, I say, indite!—How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I'll write a good *bold band*, however.

Sir Luc. Pray compose yourself.

Acres. Come—now shall I begin with an oath? Do, Sir Lucius, let me begin with a damme.

Sir Luc. Pho! pho! do the thing *decently* and like a Christian. Begin now,—"Sir——"

Acres. That's too civil by half.

Sir Luc. "To prevent the confusion that might arise."

Acres. Well——

Sir Luc. "From our both addressing the same lady."

Acres. Aye—there's the reason—"same lady"—Well——

Sir Luc. "I shall expect the honour of your company"——

Acres. Z——ds! I'm not asking him to dinner.

Sir Luc. Pray be easy.

Acres. Well then, "honour of your company"

Sir Luc. To settle our pretensions."

Acres. Well.

Sir Luc. Let me see, aye, *King's Mead-fields* will do.—"In *King's Mead fields*."

Acres. So that's done.—Well, I'll fold it up presently; my own crest—a hand and dagger shall be the seal.

Sir Luc. You see now this little explanation will put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.

Acres. Aye, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding.

Sir Luc. Now, I'll leave you to fix your own time.—take my advice, and you'll decide it this evening if you can; then let the worst come of it, 'twill be off your mind to-morrow.

Acres. Very true.

Sir Luc. So I shall see nothing more of you, unless it be by letter, till the evening.—I would do myself the honour to carry your message; but, to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just such another affair on my own hands. There is a gay captain here, who put a jest on me lately, at the expence of my country, and I only want to fall in with the gentleman, to call him out.

Acres. By my valour, I should like to see you fight first! Odds life! I should like to see you kill him, if it was only to get a little lesson.

Sir Luc. I shall be very proud of instructing you.—Well for the present—but remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do every thing in a mild and agreeable manner.—Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished as your sword.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.



A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Acres's Lodgings.

Acres and David.

David. **T**HEN, by the Mafs, Sir! I would do no fuch thing—ne'er a Sir Lucius O'Trigger in the kingdom fhould make me fight, when I wa'n't fo minded. Oons! what will the old lady fay, when ſhe hears o't!

Acres. Ah! David, if you had heard Sir Lucius!—Odds ſparks and flames! he would have rous'd your valour.

David. Not he, indeed. I hates fuch blood-thirſty cormorants. Look'ee, Maſter, if you'd wanted a bout at boxing, quarter-ftaff, or ſhort-ftaff, I ſhould never be the man to bid you cry off: But for your curſt ſharps and ſnaps, I never knew any good come of 'em.

Acres. But my *honour*, David, my *honour*! I muſt be very careful of my honour.

David. Aye, by the Mafs! and I would be very careful of it; and I think in return my *honour* couldn't do leſs than to be very careful of *me*.

Acres. Odds blades! David, no gentleman will ever riſk the loſs of his honour!

David. I ſay then, it would be but civil in *honour* never to riſk the loſs of the *gentleman*.——Lookee, Maſter, this *honour* ſeems to me to be a mar-

vellous false friend; aye, truly, a very courtier-like servant.—Put the case, I was a gentleman (which, thank God, no one can say of me); well—my honour makes me quarrel with another gentleman of my acquaintance.—So—we fight. (Pleasant enough that) Boh!—I kill him—(the more's my luck.) Now, pray who gets the profit of it?—Why, my *honour*.—But put the case that he kills me!—by the Mafs! I go to the worms, and my honour whips over to my enemy!

Acres. No, David—in that case!—Odds crowns and laurels! your honour follows you to the grave.

David. Now, that's just the place where I could make a shift to do without it.

Acres. Z——ds, David! you're a coward!—It doesn't become my valour to listen to you.—What, shall I disgrace my ancestors?—Think of that, David—think what it would be to disgrace my ancestors!

David. Under favour, the surest way of not disgracing them, is to keep as long as you can out of their company. Look'ee now, Master, to go to them in such haste—with an ounce of lead in your brains—I should think might as well be let alone. Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.

Acres. But David, now, you don't think there is such very, very, *very* great danger, hey?—Odds life! people often fight without any mischief done!

David. By the Mafs, I think 'tis ten to one against you!—Oons! here to meet some lion-headed fellow, I warrant, with his d——n'd double-barrell'd swords, and cut and thrust pistols! Lord bless us! it makes me tremble to think o't!—Those be such desperate bloody-minded weapons!

Well, I never could abide 'em!—from a child I never could fancy 'em!—I suppose there a'n't so merciless a beast in the world as your loaded pistol!

Acres. Z——ds! I *won't* be afraid—Odds fire and fury! you shan't make me afraid.—Here is the challenge, and I have sent for my dear friend Jack Absolute to carry it for me.

David. Aye, I'the name of mischief, let *him* be the messenger.—For my part, I wouldn't lend a hand to it for the best horse in your stable. By the Mass! it don't look like another letter!—It is, as I may say, a designing and malicious-looking letter!—and I warrant smells of gunpowder like a soldier's pouch!—Oons! I wouldn't swear it mayn't go off!

Acres. Out, you poltroon!—you ha'n't the valour of a grass-hopper.

David. Well, I say no more—'twill be sad news, to be sure, at Clod-Hall!—but I ha' done.—How Phyllis will howl when she hears of it!—Aye, poor bitch, she little thinks what shooting her Master's going after!—And I warrant old Crop, who has carried your honour, field and road, these ten years, will curse the hour he was born.

(*Whimpering.*)

Acres. It won't do, David—I am determined to fight—so get along, you Coward, while I'm in the mind.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Captain Absolute, Sir.

Acres. O! shew him up.

[*Exit* Servant.]

David. Well, Heaven send we be all alive this time to-morrow.

Acres. What's that!—Don't provoke me, David!

David. Good bye, Master.

(*Whimpering.*)

Acres. Get along, you cowardly, dastardly, croaking raven.

[*Exit* David.]

Enter

Enter Absolute.

Abf. What's the matter, Bob?

Acres. A vile, sheep-hearted blockhead!—If I hadn't the valour of St. George and the dragon to boot——

Abf. But what did you want with me, Bob?

Acres. O!—There— (*Gives him the challenge.*)

Abf. “*To Ensign Beverley.*” So—what's going on now! [*Aside.*

Well, what's this?

Acres. A challenge!

Abf. Indeed!—Why, you won't fight him; will you, Bob?

Acres. 'Egad but I will, Jack.—Sir Lucius has wrought me to it. He has left me full of rage—and I'll fight this evening, that so much good passion mayn't be wasted.

Abf. But what have I to do with this?

Acres. Why, as I think you know something of this fellow, I want you to find him out for me, and give him this mortal defiance.

Abf. Well, give it to me, and trust me he gets it.

Acres. Thank you, my dear friend, my dear Jack; but it is giving you a great deal of trouble.

Abf. Not in the least—I beg you won't mention it.—No trouble in the world, I assure you.

Acres. You are very kind.—What it is to have a friend!—You couldn't be my second—could you, Jack?

Abf. Why no, Bob—not in *this* affair—it would not be quite so proper.

Acres. Well then I must fix on my friend Sir Lucius. I shall have your good wishes, however, Jack.

Abf. Whenever he meets you, believe me.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir Anthony Absolute is below, inquiring for the Captain.

Abf. I'll come instantly.——Well, my little hero, success attend you. *(Going.)*

Acres. Stay—stay, Jack.——If Beverley should ask you what kind of a man your friend Acres is, do, tell him I am a devil of a fellow—will you, Jack?

Abf. To be sure I shall.——I'll say you are a determined dog—hey, Bob!

Acres. Aye, do, do—and if that frightens him, 'egad perhaps he mayn't come. So tell him I generally kill a man a week; will you, Jack!

Abf. I will, I will; I'll say you are call'd in the country "*Fighting Bob!*"

Acres. Right, right—'tis all to prevent mischief; for I don't want to take his life if I clear my honour.

Abf. No!—that's very kind of you.

Acres. Why, you don't wish me to kill him—do you, Jack?

Abf. No, upon my soul, I do not.—But a devil of a fellow, hey? *(Going.)*

Acres. True, true—but stay—stay, Jack—you may add that you never saw me in such a rage before—a most devouring rage!

Abf. I will, I will.

Acres. Remember, Jack—a determined dog!

Abf. Aye, aye, "*Fighting Bob!*"

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE II.

Mrs. Malaprop's Lodgings.

Mrs. Malaprop and Lydia.

Mrs. Mal. Why, thou perverse one!—tell me what you can object to him?——Isn't he a handsome
some

some man?—tell me that.—A genteel man? a pretty figure of a man?

Lyd. She little thinks whom she is praising! (*aside*)—So is Beverley, Ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. No caparisons, Miss, if you please!—Caparisons don't become a young woman.—No! Captain Absolute is indeed a fine gentleman!

Lyd. Aye, the Captain Absolute *you* have seen.

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Mal. Then he's *so* well bred;—*so* full of alacrity, and adulation!—and has *so much* to say for himself:—in such good language too!—His physiognomy so grammatical!—Then his presence is so noble!—I protest, when I saw him, I thought of what Hamlet says in the Play:—"Hesperian curls!—the front of *Job* himself!—an eye, like "*March*, to threaten at command!—a Station, "like Harry Mercury, new—" Something about kissing—on a hill—however, the similitude struck me directly.

Lyd. How enraged she'll be presently when she discovers her mistake!

[*Aside.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir Anthony, and Captain Absolute are below Ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. Shew them up here. [*Exit Serv.* Now, Lydia, I insist on your behaving as becomes a young woman.—Shew your good breeding at least, though you have forgot your duty.

Lyd. Madam, I have told you my resolution;—I shall not only give him no encouragement, but I won't even speak to, or look at him.

[*Flings herself into a chair, with her face from the door.*

Enter Sir Anthony and Absolute.

Sir Anth. Here we are, Mrs. Malaprop; come to mitigate the frowns of unrelenting beauty—and difficulty

difficulty enough I had to bring this fellow.—I don't know what's the matter; but if I hadn't held him by force, he'd have given me the slip.

Mrs. Mal. You have infinite trouble, Sir Anthony, in the affair.—I am ashamed for the cause! Lydia, Lydia, rise I beseech you!—pay your respects! [*Aside to her.*]

Sir Anth. I hope, Madam, that Miss Languish has reflected on the worth of this gentleman, and the regard due to her Aunt's choice, and my alliance.—Now, Jack, speak to her! [*Aside to him.*]

Abs. What the d—l shall I do!—(*Aside*)—You see, Sir, she won't even look at me, whilst you are here.—I knew she wouldn't!—I told you so—Let me intreat you, Sir, to leave us together!

[*Absolute seems to expostulate with his Father.*]

Lyd. (aside.) I wonder I ha'n't heard my Aunt exclaim yet! sure she can't have look'd at him!—perhaps their regimentals are alike, and she is something blind.

Sir Anth. I say, Sir, I won't stir a foot yet.

Mrs. Mal. I am sorry to say, Sir Anthony, that my affluence over my Niece is very small.—Turn round Lydia, I blush for you! [*Aside to her.*]

Sir Anth. May I not flatter myself that Miss Languish will assign what cause of dislike she can have to my son!—Why don't you begin, Jack?—Speak, you puppy—speak! [*Aside to him.*]

Mrs. Mal. It is impossible, Sir Anthony, she can have any.—She will not say she has.—Answer, hussy! why don't you answer?

[*Aside to her.*]

Sir Anth. Then, Madam, I trust that a childish and hasty predilection will be no bar to Jack's happiness.—Z—ds! firrah! why don't you speak?

[*Aside to him.*]

Lyd. (aside) I think my lover seems as little inclined

clined to conversation as myself.—How strangely blind my Aunt is!

Abf. Hem! hem!—Madam—hem! (*Absolute attempts to speak, then returns to Sir Anthony*)—Faith! Sir, I am so confounded!—and so--so--confused!—I told you I should be so, Sir,—I knew it—The-the- tremor of my passion, entirely takes away my presence of mind.

Sir Anth. But it don't take away your voice, fool, does it?—Go up, and speak to her directly! [*Abf. makes signs to Mrs. Mal. to leave them together.*]

Mrs. Mal. Sir Anthony, shall we leave them together?—Ah! you stubborn, little vixen!

[*Aside to her.*]

Sir Anth. Not yet, Ma'am, not yet!—what the d—l are you at? unlock your jaws, firrah, or—

[*Aside to him.*]

[*Absolute draws near Lydia.*]

Abf. Now Heav'n send she may be too fullen to look round!—I must disguise my voice—(*Aside*)—

[*Speaks in a low hoarse tone.*]

—Will not Miss Languish lend an ear to the mild accents of true love?—Will not——

Sir Anth. What the d—l ails the fellow?—Why don't you speak out?—not stand croaking like a frog in a quinsy!

Abf. The -the--excess of my awe, and my--my--my modesty, quite choak me!

Sir Anth. Ah! your modesty again!—I'll tell you what, Jack; if you don't speak out directly, and glibly too, I shall be in such a rage!—Mrs. Malaprop, I wish the lady would favour us with something more than a side-front!

[*Mrs. Malaprop seems to chide Lydia.*]

Abf. So!—all will out I see!

[*Goes up to Lydia, speaks softly.*]

Be not surprised, my Lydia, suppress all surprise at present.

Lyd.

Lyd. (aside) Heav'ns! 'tis Beverley's voice!—
Sure he can't have impos'd on Sir Anthony too!—

[*Looks round by degrees, then starts up.*
Is this possible!—my Beverley!—how can this be?
—my Beverley?

Abf. Ah! 'tis all over.

[*Aside.*

Sir Anth. Beverley!—the devil—Beverley!—
What can the girl mean?—This is my son, Jack
Absolute!

Mrs. Mal. For shame, huffy! for shame!—
your head runs so on that fellow, that you have
him always in your eyes!—beg Captain Absolute's
pardon directly.

Lyd. I see no Captain Absolute, but my lov'd
Beverley!

Sir Anth. Z—ds! the girl's mad!—her brain's
turn'd by reading!

Mrs. Mal. O' my conscience, I believe so!—
what do you mean by Beverley, huffy?—You saw
Captain Absolute before to-day; there he is—
your husband that shall be.

Lyd. With all my soul, Ma'am—when I refuse
my Beverley——

Sir Anth. O! she's as mad as Bedlam!—or has
this fellow been playing us a rogue's trick!—Come
here, firrah! who the d—l are you?

Abf. Faith, Sir, I am not quite clear myself;
but I'll endeavour to recollect.

Sir Anth. Are you my son, or not?—answer for
your mother, you dog, if you won't for me.

Mrs. Mal. Aye, Sir, who are you? O mercy! I
begin to suspect!—

Abf. Ye Powers of Impudence befriend me!
(*aside*) Sir Anthony, most assuredly I am your
wife's son; and that I sincerely believe myself to
be *your's* also, I hope my duty has always shewn.
—Mrs. Malaprop, I am your most respectful ad-
mirer—and shall be proud to add *affectionate ne-*

phew.—I need not tell my Lydia, that she sees her faithful Beverley, who, knowing the singular generosity of her temper, assum'd that name, and a station, which has proved a test of the most disinterested love, which he now hopes to enjoy in a more elevated character.

Lyd. So!—there will be no elopement after all!

(*sullenly.*)

Sir Anth. Upon my soul, Jack, thou art a very impudent fellow! to do you justice, I think I never saw a piece of more consummate assurance!

Abs. O, you flatter me, Sir—you compliment—'tis my *modesty* you know, Sir—my *modesty* that has stood in my way.

Sir Anth. Well, I am glad you are not the dull, insensible varlet you pretended to be, however!—I'm glad you have made a fool of your father, you dog—I am.——So this was your *penitence*, your *duty*, and *obedience*!—I thought it was d—n'd sudden!—You *never heard their names before*, not you!—*What, Languishes of Worcestershire*, hey?—if you could please me in the affair, 'twas all you desired!—Ah! you dissembling villain!—What! (*pointing to Lydia*) *she squints*, don't she?—a little red-hair'd girl!—hey?—Why, you hypocritical young rascal—I wonder you a'n't ashamed to hold up your head!

Abs. 'Tis with difficulty, Sir—I am confus'd—very much confus'd, as you must perceive.

Mrs. Mal. O Lud! Sir Anthony!—a new light breaks in upon me!—hey! how! what! Captain, did you write the letters then?—What!—I am to thank you for the elegant compilation of '*an old weather-beaten she-dragon*'—hey?—O mercy!—was it you that reflected on my parts of speech?

Abs. Dear Sir! my modesty will be overpower'd at last, if you don't assist me.—I shall certainly not be able to stand it!

Sir

Sir Anth. Come, come, Mrs. Malaprop, we must forget and forgive;—odds'life! matters have taken so clever a turn all of a sudden, that I could find in my heart, to be so good-humour'd! and so gallant!—hey! Mrs. Malaprop!

Mrs. Mal. Well, Sir Anthony, since *you* desire it, we will not anticipate the past;—so mind young people—our retrospection will now be all to the future.

Sir Anth. Come, we must leave them together; Mrs. Malaprop, they long to fly into each other's arms, I warrant!—Jack—is'n't the *cheek* as I said, hey?—and the eye, you dog!—and the lip---hey? Come, Mrs. Malaprop, we'll not disturb their tendernefs---their's is the time of life for happiness! ———“*Youth's the season made for joy*”---(sings) ---hey!---Odds'life! I'm in such spirits,---I don't know what I couldn't do!---Permit me, Ma'am---(gives his hand to Mrs. Mal.) (sings) Tol-de-rol---'gad I should like a little fooling myself---Tol-de-rol! de-rol! [*Exit singing, and banding Mrs. Mal.*

(Lydia sits sullenly in her chair.)

Abf. So much thought bodes me no good (*aside*)
---So grave, Lydia!

Lyd. Sir!

Abf. So!---egad! I thought as much!---that d---n'd monosyllable has froze me! (*aside*)—What, Lydia, now that we are as happy in our friends consent, as in our *mutual vows*——

Lyd. Friends consent, indeed! (*peevishly*)

Abf. Come, come, we must lay aside some of our romance—a little *wealth* and *comfort* may be endur'd after all. And for your fortune, the lawyers shall make such settlements as——

Lyd. Lawyers! I hate lawyers!

Abf. Nay then, we will not wait for their lingering forms, but instantly procure the licence, and——

Lyd.

Lyd. The licence!—I hate licence!

Abs. O my Love! be not so unkind!—thus let me intreat—— [Kneeling.

Lyd. Pshaw!—what signifies kneeling, when you know I *must* have you?

Abs. (*rising*) Nay, Madam, there shall be no constraint upon your inclinations, I promise you.—If I have lost your *heart*,—I resign the rest.—'Gad, I must try what a little *spirit* will do. [*Aside.*

Lyd. (*rising*) Then, Sir, let me tell you, the interest you had there was acquired by a mean, unmanly imposition, and deserves the punishment of fraud.—What, you have been treating *me* like a *child*!—humouring my romance! and laughing, I suppose, at your success!

Abs. You wrong me, Lydia, you wrong me—only hear——

Lyd. So, while I fondly imagined we were deceiving my relations, and flatter'd myself that I should outwit and incense them *all*—behold! my hopes are to be crush'd at once, by my Aunt's consent and approbation!—and I am *myself*, the only dupe at last! [Walking about in heat.

Abs. Nay, but hear me—

Lyd. No, Sir, you could not think that such paltry artifices could please me, when the mask was thrown off!—But I suppose since your tricks have made you secure of my *fortune*, you are little solicitous about my *affections*.—But here, Sir, here is the picture—Beverley's picture! (*taking a miniature from her bosom*) which I have worn, night and day, in spite of threats and entreaties!—There, Sir, (*flings it to him*) and be assured I throw the original from my heart as easily!

Abs. Nay, nay, Ma'am, we will not differ as to that.—Here, (*taking out a picture*) here is Miss Lydia Languish.—What a difference!—aye, *there* is the heav'nly assenting smile, that first gave soul
and

and spirit to my hopes!—those are the lips which seal'd a vow, as yet scarce dry in Cupid's calendar!—and *there* the *half* resentful blush, that *would* have check'd the ardour of my thanks—Well, all that's past!—all over indeed!—There, Madam—in *beauty*, that copy is not equal to you, but in my mind it's merit over the original, in being still the same, is such—that—I cannot find in my heart to *part with it*. [Puts it up again.]

Lyd. (*Softening*) 'Tis *your own* doing, Sir—I, I, I suppose you are perfectly satisfied.

Abf. O, most certainly—sure now this is much better than being in love!—ha! ha! ha!—there's some spirit in *this*!—What signifies breaking some scores of solemn promises, half an hundred vows, under one's hand, with the marks of a dozen or two angels to witness—all that's of no consequence you know.—To be sure people will say, that Miss didn't know her own mind—but never mind that:—or perhaps they may be ill-natured enough to hint, that the gentleman grew tired of the lady and forsook her—but don't let that fret you.

Lyd. There's no bearing his insolence.

[Bursts into tears.]

Enter Mrs. Malaprop and Sir Anthony.

Mrs. Mal. (*Entering*) Come, we must interrupt your billing and cooing a while.

Lyd. *This is worse* than your treachery and deceit, you base ingrate! [Sobbing.]

Sir Anth. What the devil's the matter now!—Z—ds! *Mrs. Malaprop*, this is the *oddest billing and cooing* I ever heard!—but what the deuce is the meaning of it?—I'm quite astonish'd!

Abf. Ask the lady, Sir.

Mrs. Mal. O mercy!—I'm quite analys'd for my part!—why, *Lydia*, what is the reason of this?

Lyd.

Lyd. Ask the gentleman, Ma'am.

Sir Anth. Z—ds! I shall be in a phrenzy!—why Jack, you scoundrel, you are not come out to be any one else, are you?

Mrs. Mal. Aye, Sir, there's no more *trick*, is there?—you are not like Cerberus, *three* Gentlemen at once, are you?

Abf. You'll not let me speak—I say the *lady* can account for *this* much better than I can.

Lyd. Ma'am, you once commanded me never to think of Beverley again—*there* is the man—I now obey you:—for, from this moment, I renounce him for ever. [Exit Lydia.

Mrs. Mal. O mercy! and miracles! what a turn here is—why sure, Captain, you haven't behaved disrespectfully to my Niece.

Sir Anth. Ha! ha! ha!--ha! ha! ha!--now I see it—Ha! ha! ha!--now I see it—you have been too lively, Jack.

Abf. Nay, Sir, upon my word——

Sir Anth. Come, no lying, Jack—I'm sure 'twas so.

Mrs. Mal. O Lud! Sir Anthony! —O fie, Captain!

Abf. Upon my soul, Ma'am——

Sir Anth. Come, no excuses, Jack;—why, your father, you rogue, was so before you:—the blood of the Absolutes was always impatient.—Ha! ha! ha! poor little Lydia!—why, you've frighten'd her, you Dog, you have.

Abf. By all that's good, Sir——

Sir Anth. Z—ds! say no more, I tell you.—Mrs. Malaprop shall make your peace.—You must make his peace, Mrs. Malaprop;—you must tell her 'tis Jack's way—tell her 'tis all our ways—it runs in the blood of our family!—Come, get on, Jack—

Jack,—ha! ha! ha! Mrs. Malaprop—a young villain!

[*Pushing him out.*]

Mrs. Mal. O! Sir Anthony!—O fie, Captain!

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV.

The North-Parade.

Enter Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

Sir Luc. I wonder where this Capt. Absolute hides himself.—Upon my conscience!—these officers are always in one's way in love-affairs:—I remember I might have married Lady Dorothy Carmine, if it had not been for a little rogue of a Major, who ran away with her before she could get a sight of me!—And I wonder too what it is the ladies can see in them to be so fond of them—unless it be a touch of the old serpent in 'em, that makes the little creatures be caught, like vipers with a bit of red cloth.—Hah!—isn't this the Captain coming?—faith it is!—There is a probability of succeeding about that fellow, that is mighty provoking!—Who the devil is he talking to?

[*Steps aside.*]

Enter Capt. Absolute.

Abs. To what fine purpose I have been plotting! a noble reward for all my schemes, upon my soul!—a little gypsey!—I did not think her romance could have made her so d—n'd absurd either—S'death, I never was in a worse humour in my life!—I could cut my own throat, or any other person's, with the greatest pleasure in the world!

Sir Luc. O, faith! I'm in the luck of it—I never could have found him in a sweeter temper for

L

my

my purpose—to be sure I'm just come in the nick! now to enter into conversation with him, and so quarrel genteelly. [Sir Lucius goes up to Absolute. — With regard to that matter, Captain, I must beg leave to differ in opinion with you.

Abf. Upon my word then, you must be a very subtle disputant:—because, Sir, I happen'd just then to be giving no opinion at all.

Sir Luc. That's no reason.—For give me leave to tell you, a man may *think* an untruth as well as *speak* one.

Abf. Very true, Sir, but if the man never utters his thoughts, I should think they *might* stand a *chance* of escaping controversy.

Sir Luc. Then, Sir, you differ in opinion with me, which amounts to the same thing.

Abf. Hark'ee, Sir Lucius,—if I had not before known you to be a gentleman, upon my soul, I should not have discovered it at this interview:—for what you can drive at, unless you mean to quarrel with me, I cannot conceive!

Sir Luc. I humbly thank you, Sir, for the quickness of your apprehension, [Bowling. — you have nam'd the very thing I would be at.

Abf. Very well, Sir—I shall certainly not baulk your inclinations:—but I should be glad you would please to explain your motives.

Sir Luc. Pray, Sir, be easy—the quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands—we should only spoil it, by trying to explain it.—However, your memory is very short—or you could not have forgot an affront you pass'd on me within this week.—So no more, but name your time and place.

Abf. Well, Sir, since you are so bent on it, the sooner the better;—let it be this evening—here, by the Spring-Gardens.—We shall scarcely be interrupted.

Sir

Sir Luc. Faith! that same interruption in affairs of this nature, shews very great ill-breeding.—I don't know what's the reason, but in England, if a thing of this kind gets wind, people make such a pother, that a gentleman can never fight in peace and quietness.—However, if it's the same to you, Captain, I should take it as a particular kindness, if you'd let us meet in King's-Mead-Fields, as a little business will call me there about six o'clock, and I may dispatch both matters at once.

Abf. 'Tis the same to me exactly.—A little after six, then we will discuss this matter more seriously.

Sir Luc. If you please, Sir, there will be very pretty small-sword light, tho' it won't do for a long shot.—So that matter's settled! and my mind's at ease.
[Exit Sir Lucius.]

Enter Faulkland, meeting Absolute.

Abf. Well met.—I was going to look for you.—O, Faulkland! all the Dæmons of spite and disappointment have conspired against me! I'm so vex'd, that if I had not the prospect of a resource in being knock'd o'the head by and bye, I should scarce have spirits to tell you the cause.

Faulk. What can you mean?—Has Lydia chang'd her mind?—I should have thought her duty and inclination would now have pointed to the same object.

Abf. Aye, just as the eyes do of a person who squints:—when her *love-eye* was fix'd on *me*—t'other—her *eye of duty*, was finely obliqued:—but when duty bid her point *that* the same way—off t'other turn'd on a swivel, and secured its retreat with a frown!

Faulk. But what's the resource you——

Abf. O, to wind up the whole, a good natured Irishman here has (*mimicking* Sir Lucius) beg'd
L 2 leave

leave to have the pleasure of cutting my throat—and I mean to indulge him—that's all.

Faulk. Prithee, be serious.

Abs. 'Tis fact, upon my soul.—Sir Lucius O'Trigger—you know him by sight—for some affront, which I am sure I never intended, has obliged me to meet him this evening at six o'clock:—'tis on that account I wish'd to see you—you must go with me.

Faulk. Nay, there must be some mistake, sure.—Sir Lucius shall explain himself—and I dare say matters may be accommodated:—but this evening, did you say?—I wish it had been any other time.

Abs. Why?—there will be light enough:—there will (as Sir Lucius says) “be very pretty small-sword light, tho' it won't do for a long shot.”—Confound his long shots!

Faulk. But I am myself a good deal ruffled, by a difference I have had with Julia—my vile tormenting temper has made me treat her so cruelly, that I shall not be myself till we are reconciled.

Abs. By Heav'n's, Faulkland, you don't deserve her.

Enter Servant, gives Faulkland a letter.

Faulk. O Jack! this is from Julia—I dread to open it—I fear it may be to take a last leave—perhaps to bid me return her letters—and restore—O! how I suffer for my folly!

Abs. Here—let me see.

[Takes the letter and opens it.]

Aye, a final sentence indeed!—'tis all over with you, faith!

Faulk. Nay, Jack—don't keep me in suspense.

Abs. Hear then.—As “I am convinced that my dear Faulkland's own reflections have already up-
braided

“braided him for his last unkindness to me, I will not
 “add a word on the subject.—I wish to speak with you
 “as soon as possible.—Your’s ever and truly, Julia.”
 —There’s stubbornness and resentment for you!

[Gives him the letter.

Why, man, you don’t seem one whit the happier at this.

Faulk. O, yes, I am—but—but——

Abs. Confound your *buts*.—You never hear any thing that would make another man bless himself, but you immediately d—n it with a *but*.

Faulk. Now, Jack, as you are my friend, own honestly—don’t you think there is something forward—something indelicate in this haste to forgive?—Women should never sue for reconciliation:—*that* should *always* come from us.—*They* should retain their coldness till *woo’d* to kindness—and their *pardon*, like their *love*, should “not unsought be won.”

Abs. I have not patience to listen to you:—thou’rt incorrigible!—so say no more on the subject.—I must go to settle a few matters—let me see you before six—remember—at my lodgings.—A poor industrious devil like me, who have toil’d, and drudg’d, and plotted to gain my ends, and am at last disappointed by other people’s folly—may in pity be allowed to swear and grumble a little;—but a captious sceptic in love,—a slave to fretfulness and whim—who has no difficulties but of *his own* creating—is a subject more fit for ridicule than compassion!

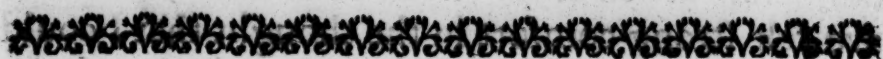
[Exit Absolute.

Faulk. I feel his reproaches!—yet I would not change this too exquisite nicety, for the gross content with which *he* tramples on the thorns of love.—His engaging me in this duel, has started an idea in my head, which I will instantly pursue.—I’ll use it as the touch-stone of Julia’s sincerity and disin-

disinterestedness—if her love prove pure and sterling ore—my name will rest on it with honour!—and once I've stamp'd it there, I lay aside my doubts for ever:—but if the dross of selfishness, the alloy of pride predominate—'twill be best to leave her as a toy for some less cautious Fool to sigh for.

[*Exit Faulkland.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.



A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Julia's Dressing-Room.

Julia, *sola*.

How this message has alarmed me! what dreadful accident can he mean! why such charge to be alone?—O Faulkland!—how many unhappy moments!—how many tears have you cost me!

Enter Faulkland, muffled up in a Riding-coat.

Jul. What means this?—why this caution, Faulkland?

Faulk. Alas! Julia, I am come to take a long farewell.

Jul. Heav'ns! what do you mean?

Faulk. You see before you a wretch, whose life is forfeited.—Nay, start not!—the infirmity of my temper has drawn all this misery on me.—I left you fretful and passionate—an untoward accident drew me into a quarrel—the event is, that I must fly this kingdom instantly.—O Julia, had I been so fortunate as to have call'd you mine intirely, before this mischance had fallen on me, I should not so deeply dread my banishment!—But no more of that—your heart and promise were given to one happy in friends, character, and station! they are not bound to wait upon a solitary, guilty exile.

Jul.

Jul. My soul is oppress'd with sorrow at the nature of your misfortune: had these adverse circumstances arisen from a less fatal cause, I should have felt strong comfort in the thought that I could now chase from your bosom every doubt of the warm sincerity of my love.—My heart has long known no other guardian—I now entrust my person to your honour—we will fly together.—When safe from pursuit, my Father's will may be fulfilled—and I receive a legal claim to be the partner of your sorrows, and tenderest comforter. Then on the bosom of your wedded Julia, you may lull your keen regret to slumbering; while virtuous love, with a Cherub's hand, shall smooth the brow of upbraiding thought, and pluck the thorn from compunction.

Faulk. O Julia! I am bankrupt in gratitude! but the time is so pressing, it calls on you for so hasty a resolution.—Would you not wish some hours to weigh the advantages you forego, and what little compensation poor Faulkland can make you beside his solitary love?

Jul. I ask not a moment.—No, Faulkland, I have lov'd you for yourself: and if I now, more than ever, prize the solemn engagement which so long has pledged us to each other, it is because it leaves no room for hard aspersions on my fame, and puts the seal of duty to an act of love.—But let us not linger.—Perhaps this delay——

Faulk. 'Twill be better I should not venture out again till dark.—Yet am I griev'd to think what numberless distresses will press heavy on your gentle disposition!

Jul. Perhaps your fortune may be forfeited by this unhappy act.—I know not whether 'tis so—but sure that alone can never make us unhappy.—The little I have will be sufficient to support us; and exile never should be splendid.

Faulk. Aye, but in such an abject state of life, my wounded pride perhaps may increase the natural fretfulness of my temper, till I become a rude, morose companion, beyond your patience to endure. Perhaps the recollection of a deed, my conscience cannot justify, may haunt me in such gloomy and unsocial fits, that I shall hate the tenderness that would relieve me, break from your arms, and quarrel with your fondness!

Jul. If your thoughts should assume so unhappy a bent, you will the more want some mild and affectionate spirit to watch over and console you:—One who, by bearing *your* infirmities with gentleness and resignation, may teach you *so* to bear the evils of your fortune.

Faulk. O Julia, I have proved you to the quick! and with this useless device I throw away all my doubts. How shall I plead to be forgiven this last unworthy effect of my restless, unsatisfied disposition?

Jul. Has no such disaster happened as you related?

Faulk. I am ashamed to own that it was all pretended; yet in pity, Julia, do not kill me with resenting a fault which never can be repeated: But sealing, this once, my pardon, let me to-morrow, in the face of Heaven, receive my future guide and monitors, and expiate my past folly, by years of tender adoration.

Jul. Hold, Faulkland!—that you are free from a crime, which I before fear'd to name, Heaven knows how sincerely I rejoice!—These are tears of thankfulness for that! But that your cruel doubts should have urged you to an imposition that has wrung my heart, gives me now a pang, more keen than I can express!

Faulk. By Heav'ns! Julia——
M

Jul.

Jul. Yet hear me.—My Father lov'd you, Faulkland! and you preserv'd the life that tender parent gave me; in his presence I pledged my hand—*joyfully* pledged it—where before I had given my heart. When, soon after, I lost that parent, it seem'd to me that Providence had, in Faulkland, shewn me whither to transfer, without a pause, my grateful duty, as well as my affection: Hence I have been content to bear from you what pride and delicacy would have forbid me from another.—I will not upbraid you, by repeating how you have trifled with my sincerity.—

Faulk. I confess it all! yet hear——

Jul. After such a year of trial—I might have flattered myself that I should not have been insulted with a new probation of my sincerity, as cruel as unnecessary! A trick of such a nature, as to shew me plainly, that when I thought you lov'd me best, you even then regarded me as a mean dissembler; an artful, prudent hypocrite.

Faulk. Never! never!

Jul. I now see it is not in your nature to be content, or confident in love. With this conviction—I never will be yours. While I had hopes that my persevering attention, and unrepenting kindness might in time reform your temper, I should have been happy to have gain'd a dearer influence over you; but I will not furnish you with a licensed power to keep alive an incorrigible fault, at the expence of one who never would contend with you.

Faulk. Nay, but Julia, by my soul and honour, if after this——

Jul. But one word more.—As my faith has once been given to you, I never will barter it with another.—I shall pray for your happiness with the truest sincerity; and the dearest blessing I can ask of
Heaven

Heaven to send you, will be to charm you from that unhappy temper, which alone has prevented the performance of our solemn engagement.—All I request of *you* is, that you will yourself reflect upon this infirmity, and when you number up the many true delights it has deprived you of—let it not be your *least* regret, that it lost you the love of one—who would have follow'd you in beggary through the world! [Exit.]

Faulk. She's gone!—for ever!—There was an awful resolution in her manner, that rivetted me to my place.—O Fool!—Dolt!—Barbarian!—Curst as I am, with more imperfections than my fellow-wretches, kind Fortune sent a heaven-gifted cherub to my aid, and, like a ruffian, I have driven her from my side!—I must now haste to my appointment.—Well my mind is tuned for such a scene.—I shall wish only to become a principal in it, and reverse the tale my cursed folly put me upon forging here.—O Love!—Tormentor!—Fiend!—whose influence, like the Moon's, acting on men of dull souls, makes idiots of them, but meeting subtler spirits, betrays their course, and urges sensibility to madness! [Exit.]

Enter Maid and Lydia.

Maid. My Mistress, Ma'am, I know, was here just now—perhaps she is only in the next room. [Exit Maid.]

Lyd. Heigh ho!—Though he has used me so, this fellow runs strangely in my head. I believe one lecture from my grave Cousin will make me recall him.

Enter Julia.

Lyd. O Julia, I am come to you with such an appetite for consolation.—Lud! Child, what's the matter with you?—You have been crying!—I'll

be hanged, if that Faulkland has not been tormenting you!

Jul. You mistake the cause of my uneasiness.—Something *has* flurried me a little.—Nothing that you can guess at.—I would not accuse Faulkland to a Sister! (*Aside.*)

Lyd. Ah! whatever vexations you may have, I can assure you mine surpass them.—You know who Beverley proves to be?

Jul. I will now own to you, Lydia, that Mr. Faulkland had before inform'd me of the whole affair. Had young Absolute been the person you took him for, I should not have accepted your confidence on the subject, without a serious endeavour to counteract your caprice.

Lyd. So, then, I see I have been deceived by every one!—but I don't care—I'll never have him.

Jul. Nay, Lydia——

Lyd. Why, is it not provoking; when I thought we were coming to the prettiest distress imaginable, to find myself made a mere Smithfield bargain of at last——There had I projected one of the most sentimental elopements!—so becoming a disguise!—so amiable a ladder of Ropes!—Conscious Moon—four horses—Scotch parson—with such surprise to Mrs. Malaprop—and such paragraphs in the News-papers!——O, I shall die with disappointment.

Jul. I don't wonder at it!

Lyd. Now—sad reverse!—what have I to expect, but, after a deal of flimsy preparation with a bishop's licence, and my Aunt's blessing, to go simpering up to the Altar; or perhaps be cried three times in a country-church, and have an unmannerly fat clerk ask the consent of every butcher in the parish to join John Absolute and Lydia Languish, *Spinster*! O, that I should live to hear myself called *Spinster*!

Jul.

Jul. Melancholy, indeed!

Lyd. How mortifying, to remember the dear delicious shifts I used to be put to, to gain half a minute's conversation with this fellow!—How often have I stole forth, in the coldest night in January, and found him in the garden, stuck like a dripping statue!—There would he kneel to me in the snow, and sneeze and cough so pathetically! he shivering with cold, and I with apprehension! and while the freezing blast numb'd our joints, how warmly would he press me to pity his flame, and glow with mutual ardour!—Ah, Julia! that was something like being in love.

Jul. If I were in spirits, Lydia, I should chide you only by laughing heartily at you: but it suits more the situation of my mind, at present, earnestly to entreat you, not to let a man, who loves you with sincerity, suffer that unhappiness from your caprice, which I know too well caprice can inflict.

Lyd. O Lud! what has brought my Aunt here!

Enter Mrs. Malaprop, Fag, and David.

Mrs. Mal. So! so! here's fine work!—here's fine suicide, paracide, and salivation going on in the fields! and Sir Anthony not to be found to prevent the antistrophe!

Jul. For Heaven's sake, Madam, what's the meaning of this?

Mrs. Mal. That gentleman can tell you—'twas he enveloped the affair to me.

Lyd. Do, Sir, will you inform us. (*To Fag.*)

Fag. Ma'am, I should hold myself very deficient in every requisite that forms the man of breeding, if I delay'd a moment to give all the information in my power to a lady so deeply interested in the affair as you are.

Lyd. But quick! quick, Sir!

Fag.

Fag. True, Ma'am, as you say, one should be quick in divulging matters of this nature; for should we be tedious, perhaps while we are flourishing on the subject, two or three lives may be lost!

Lyd. O patience!—Do, Ma'am, for Heaven's sake! tell us what is the matter?

Mrs. Mal. Why, murder's the matter! slaughter's the matter! killing's the matter!—but he can tell you the perpendiculars.

Lyd. Then, prythee, Sir, be brief.

Fag. Why then, Ma'am—as to murder—I cannot take upon me to say—and as to slaughter, or man-slaughter, that will be as the jury finds it.

Lyd. But who, Sir—who are engaged in this?

Fag. Faith, Ma'am, one is a young gentleman whom I should be very sorry any thing was to happen to—a very pretty behaved gentleman!—We have lived much together, and always on terms.

Lyd. But who is this? who! who! who!

Fag. My Master, Ma'am—my Master—I speak of my Master.

Lyd. Heavens! What, Captain Absolute!

Mrs. Mal. O, to be sure, you are frightened now!

Jul. But who are with him, Sir?

Fag. As to the rest, Ma'am, his gentleman can inform you better than I.

Jul. Do speak, friend. (To David.)

David. Look'ee, my Lady—by the Mass! there's mischief going on.—Folks don't use to meet for amusement with fire-arms, firelocks, fire-engines, fire-screens, fire-office, and the devil knows what other crackers besides!—This, my Lady, I say, has an angry favour.

Jul. But who is there beside Captain Absolute, friend?

David. My poor Master—under favour, for mentioning him first.—You know me, my Lady—
I am

I am David—and my Master of course is, or *was* Squire Acres.—Then comes Squire Faulkland.

Jul. Do, Ma'am, let us instantly endeavour to prevent mischief.

Mrs. Mal. O fie—it would be very inelegant in us:—we should only participate things.

Dav. Ah! do, Mrs. Aunt, save a few lives—they are desperately given, believe me.—Above all, there is that blood-thirsty Philistine, Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

Mrs. Mal. Sir Lucius O'Trigger!—O mercy! have they drawn poor little dear Sir Lucius into the scrape?—why, how you stand, girl! you have no more feeling than one of the Derbyshire Putrefactions!

Lyd. What are we to do, Madam?

Mrs. Mal. Why, fly with the utmost felicity to be sure, to prevent mischief:—here, friend—you can shew us the place?

Fag. If you please, Ma'am, I will conduct you.—David, do you look for Sir Anthony.

[*Exit David.*]

Mrs. Mal. Come, girls!—this gentleman will exhort us.—Come, Sir, you're our envoy—lead the way, and we'll precede.

Fag. Not a step before the ladies for the world!

Mrs. Mal. You're sure you know the spot.

Fag. I think I can find it, Ma'am; and one good thing is, we shall hear the report of the pistols as we draw near, so we can't well miss them; never fear, Ma'am, never fear.

[*Exeunt, he talking.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

South-Parade.

Enter Absolute, putting his sword under his great-coat.

Abf. A sword seen in the streets of Bath would raise as great an alarm as a mad-dog.—How provoking this is in Faulkland!—never punctual! I shall be obliged to go without him at last.—O, the devil! here's Sir Anthony!—how shall I escape him? [*Muffles up his face, and takes a circle to go off.*]

Enter Sir Anthony.

Sir Anth. How one may be deceived at a little distance! only that I see he don't know me, I could have sworn that was Jack!—Hey!—'Gad's life; it is.—Why, Jack, you Dog!—what are you afraid of?—hey! sure I'm right.—Why, Jack—Jack Absolute! [*Goes up to him.*]

Abf. Really, Sir, you have the advantage of me:—I don't remember ever to have had the honour——my name is Saunderfon, at your service.

Sir Anth. Sir, I beg your pardon—I took you—hey!—why, z—ds! it is——Stay——

[*Looks up to his face.*]
So, so—your humble servant, Mr. Saunderfon!—Why, you scoundrel, what tricks are you after now?

Abf. O! a joke, Sir, a joke!—I came here on purpose to look for you, Sir.

Sir Anth. You did! well, I am glad you were so lucky:—but what are you muffled up so for?—what's this for?—hey?

Abf. Tis cool, Sir; isn't it?—rather chilly somehow—

how :—but I shall be late—I have a particular engagement.

Sir Anth. Stay.—why, I thought you were looking for me?—Pray, Jack, where is't you are going?

Abs. Going, Sir!

Sir Anth. Aye—where are you going?

Abs. Where am I going?

Sir Anth. You unmannerly puppy!

Abs. I was going, Sir, to—to—to—to Lydia—Sir to Lydia—to make matters up if I could;—and I was looking for you, Sir, to—to——

Sir Anth. To go with you, I suppose—Well, come along.

Abs. O! z—ds! no, Sir, not for the world!—I wish'd to meet with you, Sir, to—to—to—— You find it cool, I'm sure, Sir—you'd better not stay out.

Sir Anth. Cool!—not at all—Well, Jack—and what will you say to Lydia?

Abs. O, Sir, beg her pardon, humour her—promise and vow :—but I detain you, Sir—consider the cold air on your gout.

Sir Anth. O, not at all!—not at all!—I'm in no hurry.—Ah! Jack, you youngsters when once you are wounded here.

[*Putting his hand to Absolute's breast.*
Hey! what the deuce have you got here?

Abs. Nothing, Sir—nothing.

Sir Anth. What's this?—here's something d—d hard!

Abs. O, trinkets, Sir! trinkets—a bauble for Lydia!

Sir Anth. Nay, let me see your taste.

[*Pulls his coat open, the sword falls.*
Trinkets!—a bauble for Lydia!—z—ds! firrah, you are not going to cut her throat, are you?

Abs. Ha! ha! ha!—I thought it would divert

N

you,

you, Sir, tho' I didn't mean to tell you till afterwards.

Sir Anth. You didn't?---Yes, this is a very diverting trinket, truly.

Abs. Sir, I'll explain to you.---You know, Sir, Lydia is romantic---dev'lish romantic, and very absurd of course:---now, Sir, I intend, if she refuses to forgive me---to unsheath this sword---and swear---I'll fall upon its point, and expire at her feet!

Sir Anth. Fall upon fiddle-sticks end!---why, I suppose it is the very thing that would please her---Get along, you Fool.---

Abs. Well, Sir, you shall hear of my success---you shall hear.--- "O, Lydia!---forgive me, or this pointed steel"---says I.

Sir Anth. "O, Booby! stab away, and welcome"---says she---Get along!---and d---n your trinkets!
[Exit Absolute.

Enter David, running.

Dav. Stop him! stop him! Murder! Thief! Fire!---Stop fire! Stop fire!---O! Sir Anthony---call! call! bid 'em stop! Murder! Fire!

Sir Anth. Fire! Murder! where?

Dav. Oons! he's out of sight! and I'm out of breath, for my part! O, Sir Anthony, why didn't you stop him? why didn't you stop him?

Sir Anth. Z---ds! the fellow's mad!---Stop whom? stop Jack?

Dav. Aye, the Captain, Sir!--there's murder and slaughter---

Sir Anth. Murder!

Dav. Aye, please you, Sir Anthony, there's all kinds of murder, all sorts of slaughter to be seen in the fields: there's fighting going on, Sir---bloody sword-and-gun fighting!

Sir Anth. Who are going to fight, Dunce?

Dav.

Dav. Every body that I know of, Sir Anthony: ---every body is going to fight, my poor Master, Sir Lucius O'Trigger, your son, the Captain——

Sir Anth. O, the Dog!---I see his tricks:---do you know the place?

Dav. King's-Mead-Fields.

Sir Anth. You know the way?

Dav. Not an inch;---but I'll call the Mayor--- Aldermen---Constables---Church-wardens---and Beadles---we can't be too many to part them.

Sir Anth. Come along---give me your shoulder! we'll get assistance as we go---the lying villain!---Well, I shall be in such a phrenzy---So---this was the history of his d---d trinkets! I'll bauble him!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

King's-Mead-Fields.

Sir Lucius and Acres, with pistols.

Acres. By my valour! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance---Odds levels and aims!---I say it is a good distance.

Sir Luc. Is it for muskets or small field-pieces? upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me.---Stay now---I'll shew you.

[*Measures paces along the stage.*]

there now, that is a very pretty distance---a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres. Z---ds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box!---I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir Luc. Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acres. No, Sir Lucius--but I should think forty or eight and thirty yards——

Sir Luc. Pho! pho! nonsense! three or four

feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acres. Odds bullets, no!—by my valour! there is no merit in killing him so near:—do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot:—a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

Sir Luc. Well—the gentleman's friend and I must settle that.—But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

Acres. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius—but I don't understand——

Sir Luc. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk—and if an unlucky bullet should carry a *Quietus* with it—I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acres. A *Quietus*!

Sir Luc. For instance now—if that should be the case—would you chuse to be pickled and sent home?—or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey?—I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acres. Pickled!—Snug lying in the Abbey!—Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir Luc. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir Luc. Ah! that's a pity!—there's nothing like being used to a thing.—Pray now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres. Odds files!—I've practised that—there, Sir Lucius—there [Puts himself in an attitude. —a side-front, hey?—Odd! I'll make myself small enough:—I'll stand edge-ways.

Sir Luc. Now—you're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim——[Levelling at him.

Acres.

Acres. Z—ds! Sir Lucius—are you sure it is not cock'd?

Sir Luc. Never fear.

Acres. But—but—you don't know—it may go off of its own head!

Sir Luc. Pho! be easy—Well, now if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance—for if it misses a vital part on your right side—'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left!

Acres. A vital part! O, my poor vitals!

Sir Luc. But, there—fix yourself so—

[*Placing him.*

let him see the broad side of your full front—there—now a ball or two may pass clear thro' your body, and never do any harm at all.

Acres. Clean thro' me!—a ball or two clean thro' me!

Sir Luc. Aye—may they—and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

Acres. Look'ee! Sir Lucius—I'd just as leive be shot in an aukward posture as a genteel one—so, by my valour! I will stand edge-ways

Sir Luc. (*Looking at his watch.*) Sure they don't mean to disappoint us.—Hah?—no faith—I think I see them coming.

Acres. Hey!—what!—coming!—

Sir Luc. Aye—Who are those yonder getting over the stile?

Acres. There are two of them, indeed!—well—let them come—hey, Sir Lucius!—we—we—we—we—won't run.—

Sir Luc. Run!

Acres. No—I say—we *won't* run, by my valour!

Sir Luc. What the devil's the matter with you?

Acres. Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but—I-I- I don't feel quite so bold, somehow—as I did.

Sir

Sir Luc. O fie!—consider your honour.

Acres. Aye—true—my honour——Do, Sir Lucius, hedge in a word or two every now and then about my honour.

Sir Luc. Well, here they're coming. [*Looking.*

Acres. Sir Lucius—if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid—if my valour should leave me!—Valour will come and go.

Sir Luc. Then, pray keep it fast, while you have it.

Acres. Sir Lucius—I doubt it is going—yes—my valour is certainly going!—it is sneaking off!—I feel it oozing out, as it were at the palms of my hands!

Sir Luc. Your honour—your honour——Here they are.

Acres. O mercy!—now—that I were safe at *Clod-Hall*! or could be shot before I was aware!

Enter Faulkland and Absolute.

Sir Luc. Gentlemen, your most obedient—hah!—what Captain Absolute!—So, I suppose, Sir, you are come here, just like myself—to do a kind office, first for your friend—then to proceed to business on your own account.

Acres. What, Jack!—my dear Jack!—my dear friend!

Abf. Hark'ee, Bob, Beverley's at hand.

Sir Luc. Well, Mr. Acres—I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly.—So, Mr. Beverley, (*to Faulkland*) if you'll chuse your weapons, the Captain and I will measure the ground.

Faulk. My weapons, Sir.

Acres. Odds life! Sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland; these are my particular friends.

Sir Luc. What, Sir, did not you come here to fight Mr. Acres?

Faulk. Not I, upon my word, Sir.

Sir

Sir Luc. Well, now, that's mighty provoking! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game—you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party by sitting out.

Abf. O pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige Sir Lucius.

Faulk. Nay, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter.

Acres. No, no, Mr. Faulkland—I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian—Look'ee, Sir Lucius, there's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same to you, I'd as lieve let it alone.

Sir Luc. Observe me, Mr. Acres—I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody—and you came here to fight him—Now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him—I can't see, for my soul, why it isn't just the same thing.

Acres. Z—ds, Sir Lucius—I tell you, 'tis one Beverley I've challenged—a fellow, you see, that dare not shew his face! If *he* were here, I'd make him give up his pretensions directly!—

Abf. Hold, Bob—let me set you right—there is no such man as Beverley in the case.—The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you please.

Sir Luc. Well, this is lucky—Now you have an opportunity—

Acres. What, quarrel with my dear friend Jack Absolute—not if he were fifty Beverleys! Z—ds! Sir Lucius, you would not have me be so unnatural.

Sir Luc. Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valour has *oozed* away with a vengeance!

Acres. Not in the least! Odds Backs and Abettors! I'll be your second with all my heart—and
if

if you should get a *Quietus*, you may command me entirely. I'll get you a *snug* lying in the *Abbey* here; or *pickle* you, and send you over to Blunderbuss-hall, or any of the kind with the greatest pleasure.

Sir Luc. Pho! pho! you are little better than a coward.

Acres. Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a *Coward*; *Coward* was the word, by my valour!

Sir Luc. Well, Sir?

Acres. Look'ee, Sir Lucius, 'tisn't that I mind the word *Coward*—*Coward* may be said in joke.—But if you had call'd me a *Poltroon*, Odds Daggers and Balls!

Sir Luc. Well, Sir?

Acres. ———I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

Sir Luc. Pho! you are beneath my notice.

Abf. Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend, Acres—He is a most *determined dog*—call'd in the country, *Fighting Bob*.—He generally *kills a man a week*; don't you, Bob?

Acres. Aye—at home!

Sir Luc. Well then, Captain, 'tis we must begin—so come out, my little counsellor,

[*draws his sword.*

and ask the gentleman, whether he will resign the lady, without forcing you to proceed against him?

Abf. Come on then, Sir; (*draws*) since you won't let it be an amicable suit, here's *my reply*.

Enter Sir Anthony, David, and the Women.

David. Knock 'em all down, sweet Sir Anthony, knock down my Master in particular---- and bind his hands over to their good behaviour!

Sir Anth. Put up, Jack, put up, or I shall be in a frenzy---how came you in a duel, Sir?

Abs. Faith, Sir, that gentleman can tell you better than I; 'twas he call'd on me, and you know, Sir, I serve his Majesty.

Sir Anth. Here's a pretty fellow; I catch him going to cut a man's throat, and he tells me, he serves his Majesty!——Zounds! firrah, then how durst you draw the King's sword against one of his subjects?

Abs. Sir, I tell you! That gentleman call'd me out, without explaining his reasons.

Sir Anth. Gad! Sir, how came you to call my son out, without explaining your reasons?

Sir Luc. Your son, Sir, insulted me in a manner which my honour could not brook.

Sir Anth. Zounds! Jack, how durst you insult the gentleman in a manner which his honour could not brook?

Mrs. Mal. Come, come, let's have no Honour before ladies—Captain Absolute, come here—How could you intimidate us so?—Here's Lydia has been terrified to death for you.

Abs. For fear I should be kill'd, or escape, Ma'am?

Mrs. Mal. Nay, no delusions to the past—Lydia is convinc'd; speak child.

Sir Luc. With your leave, Ma'am, I must put in a word here—I believe I could interpret the young lady's silence—Now mark—

Lyd. What is it you mean, Sir?

Sir Luc. Come, come, Delia, we must be serious now—this is no time for trifling.

Lyd. 'Tis true, Sir; and your reproof bids me offer this gentleman my hand, and solicit the return of his affections.

Abs. O! my little angel, say you so?—Sir Lucius—I perceive there must be some mistake here—with regard to the affront which you affirm I have given you—I can only say, that it could not have been intentional.—And as you must be con-

O

vinced,

vinced, that I should not fear to support a real injury—you shall now see that I am not ashamed to atone for an inadvertency—I ask your pardon.—But for this lady, while honour'd with her approbation, I will support my claim against any man whatever.

Sir Anth. Well said, Jack, and I'll stand by you, my Boy.

Acres. Mind, I give up all my claim—I make no pretensions to any thing in the world—and if I can't get a wife, without fighting for her, by my Valour! I'll live a bachelor.

Sir Luc. Captain, give me your hand—an affront handsomely acknowledged becomes an obligation—and as for the Lady—if she chuses to deny her own hand writing here— (*Taking out letters.*)

Mrs. Mal. O, he will dissolve my mystery!—Sir Lucius, perhaps there's some mistake—perhaps, I can illuminate—

Sir Luc. Pray, old gentlewoman, don't interfere, where you have no business.—Miss Languish, are you my Delia, or not?

Lyd. Indeed, Sir Lucius, I am not.

(*Lydia and Absolute walk aside.*)

Mrs. Mal. Sir Lucius O'Trigger—ungrateful as you are—I own the soft impeachment—pardon my blushes, I am Delia.

Sir Luc. You Delia—pho! pho! be easy.

Mrs. Mal. Why, thou barbarous Vandyke—those letters are mine—When you are more sensible of my benignity—perhaps I may be brought to encourage your addresses.

Sir Luc. Mrs. Malaprop, I am extremely sensible of your condescension; and whether you or Lucy have put this trick upon me, I am equally beholden to you.—And to shew you I'm not ungrateful, Captain Absolute! since you have taken that lady from me, I'll give you my Delia into the bargain.

Abs.

Abs. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius; but here's our friend, fighting Bob, unprovided for.

Sir Luc. Hah! little Valour—here, will you make your fortune?

Acres. Odds Wrinkles! No.—But give us your hand, Sir Lucius, forget and forgive; but if ever I give you a chance of *pickling* me again, say Bob Acres is a Dunce, that's all.

Sir Anth. Come, Mrs. Malaprop, don't be cast down—you are in your bloom yet.

Mrs. Mal. O Sir Anthony!—men are all barbarians—
(*All retire but Julia and Faulkland.*)

Jul. He seems dejected and unhappy—not sullen—there was some foundation, however, for the tale he told me—O woman! how true should be your judgment, when your resolution is so weak!

Faulk. Julia!—how can I sue for what I so little deserve? I dare not presume—yet Hope is the child of Penitence.

Jul. Oh! Faulkland, you have not been more faulty in your unkind treatment of me, than I am now in wanting inclination to resent it. As my heart honestly bids me place my weakness to the account of love, I should be ungenerous not to admit the same plea for your's.

Faulk. Now I shall be blest indeed!

(*Sir Anthony comes forward.*)

Sir Anth. What's going on here?—So you have been quarrelling too, I warrant.—Come, Julia, I never interfered before; but let me have a hand in the matter at last.—All the faults I have ever seen in my friend Faulkland, seemed to proceed from what he calls the *delicacy* and *warmth* of his affection for you—There, marry him directly, Julia, you'll find he'll mend surprisingly!

(*The rest come forward.*)

Sir Luc. Come now, I hope there is no dissatisfied person, but what is content; for as I have

been disappointed myself, it will be very hard if I have not the satisfaction of seeing other people succeed better——

Acres. You are right, Sir Lucius.—So, Jack, I wish you joy—Mr. Faulkland the same.—Ladies,—come now, to shew you I'm neither vex'd nor angry, Odds Tabors and Pipes! I'll order the fiddles in half an hour, to the New Rooms—and I insist on you all meeting me there.

Sir Anth. Gad! Sir, I like your spirit; and at night we single lads will drink a health to the young couples, and a husband to Mrs. Malaprop.

Faulk. Our partners are stolen from us, Jack—I hope to be congratulated by each other—yours for having checked in time, the errors of an ill-directed Imagination, which might have betray'd an innocent heart; and mine, for having, by her gentleness and candour, reformed the unhappy temper of one, who by it made wretched whom he loved most, and tortured the heart he ought to have ador'd.

Abf. Well, Jack, we have both tasted the Bitters, as well as the Sweets, of Love—with this difference only, that *you* always prepared the bitter cup for yourself, while *I*——

Lyd. Was always obliged to *me* for it, hey! Mr. Modesty? — But come, no more of that—our happiness is now as unallay'd as general.

Jul. Then let us study to preserve it so: and while Hope pictures to us a flattering scene of future Bliss, let us deny its pencil those colours which are too bright to be lasting.—When Hearts deserving Happiness would unite their fortune, Virtue would crown them with an unfading garland of modest, hurtless flowers; but ill-judging Passion will force the gaudier Rose into the wreath, whose thorn offends them, when its Leaves are dropt!

